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A FRENCH VIEW OF THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

THE advent of the new English Cabinet to office has been hailed with an unanimous sympathy in France, for which three reasons may be assigned. In the first place the profound respect and great admiration which Mr. Gladstone inspires personally, the nobility of his character, the constant large-mindedness of his statesmanship, and that astounding youth which keeps him at fourscore years of age the most tireless and most enthusiastic of European statesmen. In the second place it must be remarked that there is a community, or, at all events, a similarity, of view between English Liberals and Radicals on the one hand, and French Republicans on the other, which forbids any lack of interest on the part of either in the fortunes of the other. The third reason, which outweighs the other two put together, is the systematic hostility which Lord Salisbury, during the time he was at the Foreign Office, never failed to evince towards our interests. This wanton hostility ended, to make use of an up-to-date expression, by getting considerably "on our nerves." An open rupture between the two countries would not, of course, have resulted from it, but the diplomatic relations between the two countries would have become worse and worse; we should at last have replied to the hostile acts of the noble lord by acts equally hostile, and the two countries which always seem specially marked out to act in harmony in the world would have ended by being completely at loggerheads in all quarters of the globe—a result which would have served the interests neither of France, nor of England, nor of humanity at large. Of course questions of English home politics

have only a relative interest for us; their sole positive interest is contained in their reaction on England's foreign policy. We have paid too dearly for our Quixotic philanthropy in the past to be tempted to try it again in any part of the world. But France would not be France if she could withhold her sympathy from a just and righteous cause, in whatever country and in whatever latitude it is being fought out. The Irish cause is such an one, and it redounds to the honour of public opinion in our country that it has pronounced unanimously and warmly in favour of the oppressed against the oppressor. On the question whether the settlement of the Home Rule question has all the advantages which its friends claim or all the dangers which its enemies predict we have no opinion to offer, either as to the main question or as to the details of its application, which, in their way, will be of greater importance than the actual plan adopted. But Home Rule has become, by force of circumstances, the only means of giving to Ireland a shred of that justice and that liberty for which she has fought so long in vain, and which the Tory party in particular has always denied her with great hardness of heart and a no less culpable lack of foresight. Those who have taken the cause of Ireland in hand have a claim to the fullest sympathies of France. The cause is a righteous one in itself, and it has been maintained in a manner worthy of it. Never perhaps has a political campaign been conducted in England with more zeal, more generosity, or truer courage than this. All the most vigorous prejudices have been ranged against Mr. Gladstone; hosts of his former friends, those who owed a great part of their political fortune to him, have left him, renounced him, vilified him; the chiefs of the Tory party, with a serious disregard, as I think, of constitutional seemliness, were not afraid to countenance the rumour that the Crown was against Home Rule. Nothing has checked Mr. Gladstone. With the axe of speech and pamphlet, the "old woodman of Hawarden" has hewn his way to power. Beaten twenty times, he never despaired of victory for a single hour. To-day he is not content to view the Promised Land, he is about to enter it. How could the generous opinion of France refrain from applauding such masterly strategy?

Besides, the Irish question appears to Frenchmen—ignorant as they are generally supposed to be of the politics of foreign countries—likely to prove the first act of a great drama in which the current of French sympathy has been already sufficiently indicated. On the meeting of Parliament in the early part of 1893 the House of Commons will accept the principle of Home Rule by the same majority which displaced the

Salisbury Cabinet. But what will the House of Lords do next day? There is no room for doubt. However restricted and moderate Mr. Gladstone's proposals may be—and it will be the best policy for Mr. Gladstone, with the consent of the Irish party, to propose but an irreducible minimum—the House of Lords will throw out the Bill. There will then remain but one thing for Mr. Gladstone to do, and he has had the courageous frankness to announce it beforehand. He will appeal to the country—to the constituencies in which the suffrage is not yet universal, but almost so, and will shortly become so altogether—and he will say, "This House of hereditary peers, recruited entirely by the accident of birth and by the will of the Sovereign, is a survival of the Middle Ages, out of place in the democracy of to-day. It is an obstacle to all reforms, not only political but also social. If the House of Lords is to continue to exist as a controlling force, it, too, must derive its authority from the people. We must create something on the lines of the American or French Senate." Will the head of the Liberal Government carry, by means of his majority in the House of Commons, a measure for the reform of the House of Lords, which that House would naturally reject, as they will reject Home Rule? Or will he carry the question to the electors, enlarging thus his platform, which, comparatively speaking, was so straitened at the late elections, and having behind him the Irish party, who will see Home Rule first of all in the reform of the House of Lords, and the whole of the English democracy, who will see in it, and rightly so, all the political, economic, and social reforms for which they are waiting? The question is one which no one can flatter himself that he is in a position to solve to-day. But it is mathematically certain that the question will arise, and that the end of the century will be entirely occupied in England by the struggle of the democracy against the strongest aristocratic fortress in the world, which for a long time has been an anomaly and an inexplicable anachronism in the constitution of the "mother of Parliaments." How can anyone doubt that the sympathies of the French democracy are, by anticipation, with the Liberals and Radicals of England in this struggle?

In turning now to the foreign policy of the new English Government, I would premise that no one with us is simple enough to suppose for one moment that the first act of the new Government will be to offer us the evacuation of Egypt. If, instead of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone had placed Lord Kimberley or Mr. Morley himself at the head of the Foreign Office, it is idle to suppose that things would have turned out

simply for us. But Lord Rosebery has the character of being as great an Imperialist as Lord Salisbury himself. He will be condemned, of necessity, by the force of circumstances, and even for the honour of the head of the Government, to pursue a different policy with regard to France. There is no doubt that he will maintain the same relations with the Triple Alliance; and whatever opinion we Frenchmen may hold about that diplomatic combination, we shall not be so absurd as to blame an English Minister for not being a Minister of France; but, as I said at the beginning, the Marquis of Salisbury, from some defect of sympathy towards France, never ceased during his long term of government to seek a quarrel with us in every quarter possible, and to raise troublesome questions between the two countries. Lord Rosebery will not be able to do likewise, whatever pressure the Gallophobes of the Tory party may try to bring to bear on him. He will even be forced to do exactly the reverse, and to substitute the cordiality which it is the expressed will of his party to foster for the spirit of bickering and discord. Hence the necessary discussion which must arise in respect of Egypt will take quite a different tone. Many English politicians thought at first that France would easily console herself for the events which permitted England to establish herself alone at the foot of the Pyramids. Well, the events of ten years have sufficiently exposed their mistake. The question of Alsace-Lorraine alone excepted, there is no point of foreign policy on which we are so absolutely agreed among ourselves. France will never acquiesce in the idea that Alsace-Lorraine is to be German for ever, and France will not one whit more resign herself to the indefinite occupation of Egypt by England. Germany need not seek our goodwill in any part of the world, for our interests and hers are everywhere diametrically opposed. But it is otherwise with England, and she it is, by consent of the most competent writers, who has lost most by the rupture of the *entente cordiale*. What is required to renew this *entente?* A sacrifice of national pride, or a sacrifice of interest on England's part? The military occupation of Egypt costs England much more than it gives her in return, and national pride can have no place where national honour is concerned.

It is impossible to avoid recurring again and again to this point. In 1882, when England, under Mr. Gladstone's government, went alone to Egypt, she bound herself in honour to France and to all the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin that she would remain only so long as was necessary to restore order there. Has order been restored? That it has

been is a fact of common notoriety, and the Englishman who denied it would bring a most damning charge against the administrative capacity of his country. Well, then, the question is this: is a country less bound to observe an engagement into which it has entered than a private individual? In Opposition Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, all the most influential men of the Liberal and Radical party, have always maintained that the undertaking ought to be respected, and that the interest as well as the honour of England is concerned in carrying it into effect. Will Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues change their opinions and their language because they are in power? Their strongest opponents, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, are incapable of doing them such an injustice.

We are firmly convinced, then, that a few weeks or so hence, after the debate on Sir Charles Dilke's motion, the new English Government will declare itself ready to honour the draft which it has signed, and to show that political honour is as well understood in England as commercial probity. On the other hand it is but right to declare with perfect candour that we do not ask the re-establishment of the Dual Control in Egypt; we ask, bearing in mind the title of one of Mr. Gladstone's most famous articles, that Egypt should be for the Egyptians; that the neutralisation of the Suez Canal should be extended to the whole valley of the Nile, and that the country should in this manner become an African Belgium.

Such, in short, are the impressions which the advent of the Gladstone Ministry to power has produced in France. It is to the interest both of France and England to advance hand in hand in the world; their union will not injure either the special *entente* of France and Russia, or the cordial relations which should exist between England and all the European Powers. No one in the last half century has recognised with so much insight and generosity the true interests of his country as Mr. Gladstone. "The Grand Old Man" will remain true to himself during his coming term of office.

JOSEPH REINACH.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN THE PAMIRS.

MY English reader will pardon me when I say that I am always in a difficult position whenever I have to discuss the Central Asian question. Being under the suspicion of a pronounced anti-Russian bias, people generally say: "We know that bird by its feathers, he is always ready for a wanton attack on Russia, he always finds fault with her policy, and in every movement of the Northern Power he suspects a deliberate design against England's position in the East." Well, I beg leave to ask, was I wrong in my former assertions, and have I no right to say that Russia is picking a quarrel even in places where, and at a time when, nobody shows the remotest intention of injuring her interests or of threatening her position? The development of the Pamir question is a powerful argument in favour of my suppositions, and whoever has watched the march of events on the desolate and dreary "Roof of the World" will admit that of all the insidious plans which Russia has concocted since 1864, when she took possession of Tashkend, her claims on the Pamir, and the way she puts them forward, are decidedly the most treacherous and insidious ever employed in the diplomatic relations of two countries.

What the Pamir is from a geographical point of view we have had full opportunity of learning from the descriptions of modern travellers, such as Wood, Oshanin, Regel, Severtsoff, Putiata, Grambtcheffsky, Grum-Grjimailo, Younghusband, Littledale, Bonvalot, and others, and its main outlines may be gathered from the accompanying map. We know that it is a lofty tableland, accessible only through very high passes during a few months of the year, with very little pasture for animals, and inhabited, or rather haunted, by a few Kara-Kirghiz nomads, who resort there with their flocks from the Alai, and who have always owned allegiance rather to China than to Khokand or Russia, as has been quite recently asserted. We may well ask, what in the

world has Russia to seek for in that forsaken and dreary region? There are no minerals, no attractions whatever from a material point of view, and yet we find that Russia has no sooner succeeded in securing a firm footing on the Sir-Darya than her geographical explorers begin to throw a covetous eye on the Pamir, and her scientific (?) zeal develops into great activity in the exploration of that unknown region. She

The accompanying sketch-map is reproduced from the *St. James's Gazette* by kind permission of the Editor.

knew that part of Asia much sooner and better than the English, for the Indian Government, always over-cautious, not only discouraged but even punished the enterprising English officers who ventured beyond the pale of the so-called safe territory; and the result of this was that, Russian agents having penetrated much earlier into the Pamir, as well as into the petty Khanates lying between the Russian and English

possessions in the east of Afghanistan, the Northern Power is much better informed as to all the routes, tracks, and paths leading from Bokhara and Khokand towards and into Kafiristan, Chitral, Yassin, Gilgit, and Hunza-Nagar, and is fully prepared to do mischief if she likes. England, on the other hand, has only quite recently discovered the necessity of getting in touch with those outlying districts in the north of her Indian Empire. She began by placing her relations with Cashmere on a fresh basis; thence she turned her attention towards Hunza-Nagar, where she succeeded in gaining a firm position; but as to the headwaters of the Oxus, and the intervening districts of Bedakhshan, Shignan, Roshan, and Wakhan, the work of geographical exploration—which means in Russian laying the foundations of future complications—was entirely left in the hands of Russia. This dissimilarity of geographical knowledge very naturally made itself felt in the diplomatic discussions about the debatable countries and their frontiers. As long as Russia was not in possession of the necessary information about the routes leading from the north to the south, she posed as magnanimous, and in the Granville-Gortschakoff Agreement of 1873 she accepted the Ak-su of the Oxus tributaries as the southern boundary of the territory of Bokhara, her vassal State. Simultaneously with the advance of Russian geographical exploration in 1877, the Emir of Bokhara, prompted by his suzerain, pushed the frontier of his possessions further southward by occupying the territory of the Panja and the Wang rivers—at least so we are told by Russian organs, although we all know that the poor ruler on the Zerafshan had not the slightest voice in the matter, and that, with his precarious position ever before his eyes, he is satisfied to remain in Bokhara, and has not even the remotest idea of meddling with the delimitation of those distant regions.

In fact, the question of the suzerainty over the aforesaid petty Khanates lying between the Oxus and the Indus to the east of the Hindu Kush is most complicated, and has led to various more or less equivocal explanations. As far as historical records go, that is, beginning from the sixteenth century, Bedakhshan decidedly belonged to the rulers of Herat; to whom it paid an annual tribute in money and in soldiers, and by whom in return it was protected from the inroads of successive conquerors. As to Karategin, Dervaz, and Roshan, of the former we only know that it formed an integral portion of the southern district of the Fan mountains, whereas Dervaz, Roshan, and Kulab were governed by native *Bis* or princes, who cared very little for the

commands of the Emir of Bokhara and paid only occasional attention to the ruler of Bedakhshan. With reference to Wakhan and Shignan it is pretty well ascertained that in the beginning of the sixteenth century they were, like the Siahpoosh Kafirs of to-day, without any religion, and that Mohammedanism only spread amongst them towards the end of the seventeenth century. Nothing is therefore more preposterous than to speak of the historical rights of either of the neighbouring countries over these small and politically insignificant districts. The influence of Khokand never extended beyond the Kara-kül (the black lake) in the Trans-Alai district, as the allegiance of the Kara-Kirghiz nomads to the rulers of Ferghana was always a matter of dispute. The sway of Bokhara was only of temporary importance so far as Bedakhshan is concerned, whereas the Afghan preponderance, dating only from the time of Dost Mohammed Khan, although the more natural one, is relatively the more recent, and depends upon the numbers of the garrison sent from Kabul. It is therefore but idle talk to open the question of historical right, and the first comer will be the legal owner of the districts under discussion. For the present the principle of *beati possidentes* will and must decide the question in the Pamir and in the principalities lying to west of it. Bedakhshan, Shignan, Roshan, and Wakhan must remain under Afghan supremacy, whilst Russia, acting as *locum tenens* of Bokhara, will hardly be prevented from exercising an influence over Dervar Kulab, Hissar, and Karategin; indeed, only on the condition that the sphere of her activity be strictly circumscribed by delimiting a frontier, not extending beyond the Alichur, as has recently been claimed, but rounding off the aforesaid territory without doing essential harm to the interests of China and of Afghanistan.

If Russia is really and sincerely animated by the desire to live in peace with her neighbours, and to abstain from further encroachment, then she has got an excellent opportunity of coming to a good understanding with China as well as with Afghanistan. Neither wish anything but to retain their present position, but both will be unanimous in protesting against Russia's intention of driving a wedge into the Pamir. The Chinese cannot allow the Russians to seize the Little Pamir, for the simple reason that Eastern or Chinese Turkestan would be hemmed in on three sides by Cossack and Mohammedan populations, constantly incited by Russian secret agents against the rule of their heathen masters, and would become a standing menace to the authorities in Kashgar. Nor can Afghanistan view with indifference the possession by Russia of

passes through which she could easily invade Afghan territory at any time, and add new troubles to those which exist already in consequence of the annexation of Penjdeh in 1885. And as to England, I need hardly say that since her territory is the ultimate goal of the planned aggression, she is the party most interested in the whole matter, and that she will be the least inclined to permit to Russia the approach to any part of Chitral, Hunza, and Gilgit, or to passes in the Hindu Kush, through which her rival may threaten her position, create a new basis of attack in time of war, and undermine the influence which Great Britain has so laboriously acquired over the unruly elements in the outlying frontier districts of India.

Of course optimistic politicians in England, always ready to excuse the innocent Russian lamb against that awful English wolf, will maintain that Russia does not harbour any evil intention, and that she is merely strengthening her frontier line in the south in the same way and with the same objects as England has in the north. Well, if that be the case, we may ask, Has Russia not already secured her frontiers sufficiently by her position on the Heri Rud, on the Murghab, and on the Oxus, and why is she anxious to seek for new guarantees in a region utterly inaccessible and void of all pretext of economical advantages? The papers which have recently been discussing the Pamir question have mentioned various places with high-sounding names, which the public might well take for towns and villages. But nothing of that kind exists on the Pamir and in the adjacent country. Excepting Feizabad, the chief place of Bedakhshan, hardly equal to a third-rate town in Bokhara, all the other so-called towns or villages represent nothing but a few miserable clay houses and huts, without trade or industry and hardly worth mentioning. And as to the routes, we must not be misled by the report that there are various roads leading from the north towards the south across the Pamir. All we know about these lines of communication is one in the east from Kashgar to Tashkurgan, and thence across the Kilik Pass to Hunza, and one from the Khokandian town of Mergulan across the Alai and the Khargush-Pamir to Bozai-Gumbez. There is no historical record which mentions the use of these roads in bygone times by an army of any size, as they were only used either by small caravans trading from the Upper Indus region to Chinese Turkestan, or by marauding parties of Hunza-Nagar, which played the same *rôle* here as the Turkomans in the north of Persia. About the communication across Karategin and Bedakhshan we possess more reliable information.

It was by this route that Khosru Shah went from Kulab to Chitral towards the end of the fifteenth century, and in fact this route was frequented up to recent times by stray travellers, and it is very probable that by laying in a good stock of provisions a small detachment of soldiers could likewise penetrate and emerge before the passes of the Hindu Kush leading to Chitral or to Jelalabad. This is evidently the present Russian goal, for having secured a line of approach from Penjdeh to Herat and to the Hilmand on one side, and from Kerki as well as from Kilif to Kabul on the other side, she is now anxious to have a third line, by which she could multiply her means of harassing England from the new base of intrigue amongst those elements which are inimical both to Afghanistan and to England, and would be used advantageously by the aggressor from the North.

What is to us most distasteful in the whole game is the perpetual hypocrisy with which the Russians try to hide their scheme, by giving out that they are only actuated by scientific zeal, whilst, on the other hand, they exhibit an insolent bearing, trample on international rights, and forcibly ignore the very principle of mutual comity. The rudeness with which Colonel Yanoff behaved last year to Captain Younghusband and Lieutenant Davison is unequalled in the diplomatic relations of two civilised countries, and in spite of the apologies tendered from St. Petersburg, apologies tantamount to a confession that the whole procedure was wrong from beginning to end, we see the story repeating itself and Colonel Yanoff appearing again with a larger escort and evidently laying stronger claims on such territories, to the cession of which neither China nor Afghanistan and still less England have given their consent. From whatever side the Pamir question be viewed there is no doubt that it means aggression in the most unquestionable form, that it refutes all that we are told of the pacific intentions of the present Czar, and that it compels England once again to double her watchfulness on many points on her frontiers where, ten years ago, nobody would have dreamt of the danger of aggression. Whatever will be the solution of the Pamir question, viz.: whether Russia is allowed to oust China on the Alichur Pamir; whether the southern boundary be fixed on the Murghab, or on the Panja; one thing is certain, that she will remain a standing menace and a continual source of trouble and danger to China and Afghanistan, and particularly to England. This fact can hardly be denied, and still less will it be possible to ignore in future the complications which will arise therefrom between Russia and the

above-mentioned three countries. The situation is aggravated by the circumstance that Russia is furtively sending down her outposts from her Turkestan possessions across Hissar, Kulab, Karategin, and Bedakhshan, to the eastern spurs of the Hindu Kush, and has succeeded in utilising to the best advantage her title of protectorate over Bokhara and over the Turkish-speaking Mohammedans of Central Asia in general, by convincing the Mohammedans on the left bank of the Oxus of the humanitarian spirit and disinterestedness of her rule. This false belief was enhanced by the protection she afforded to Ishak Khan, the cousin and rival of Abdurrahman Khan; and as the former gained the sympathies of the inhabitants of Kulab, Roshan, Dervaz, and Bedakhshan through his hostility to, and open rebellion, against the ruler of Kabul, so he is now idolised owing to his martyrdom and exile. The Afghans have always been hated by their foreign subjects; they are rapacious and ruthless tyrants, and it is no wonder that the hardy but poor mountaineers of the Upper Oxus region show themselves willing to submit rather to Russia than to endure the yoke of Afghans. The Russian scientific explorers who have resided in Kalai-Khumb, Feizabad, and Dervaz have always been treated as welcome guests, and now that the way for Russian aggression has been smoothed by them, the occupation of, or the protectorate over, the said districts is only a question of time.

Having secured the strategically important route through Feizabad, Kulab, and Sebak, to the eastern passes of the Hindu Kush, Russia will have completed her three main routes of attack on England, and admitting that her newly-acquired position on the Pamir may be only available for a flank movement, it is nevertheless a serious fact, and demands the serious attention of English statesmen. It is from this point of view that the Pamir question is of the highest importance, and it remains to be seen how it will be settled. Up to the present, Russia had to confront in her schemes on the left banks of the Oxus Afghanistan and England, now she will have to deal with China also, and we may well be anxious as to how she will extricate herself from this threefold difficulty. I do not believe that she will at present push matters to extremes and engage in war with any of the three interested parties. It is well known at St. Petersburg that China cannot be trifled with as in bygone times, for John Chinaman has shown his teeth in the Kuldja affair, and will certainly not give in on the present occasion, when he is sure to be backed by England. As to the latter Power, collision with

Russia in Central Asia can only take place as a sequel to European complications, *i.e.*, Russia will only move if opposition from England to her long cherished schemes in Turkey or Persia shall oblige her to do so. Such an event, of course, is unavoidable; sooner or later it must and it will take place; but in the present condition of European politics it is certainly premature, if not idle, to talk of it. The greatest sufferer from the so-called Pamir question will be Afghanistan, which, surrounded already on the west and on the north by the ominous chain of Russian influence, will have to accept the Russians as neighbours also in the east, and will be thus still more exposed to the relentless net of machinations constantly thrown out from Askabad and Samarkand.

It is an open secret that all the troubles which Emir Abdurrahman has had to contend with during the last six or seven years have been due in nine cases out of ten to the clandestine influence of Russia. When the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission had finished its work in 1885 and an apparent lull had set in, there was more than one voice raised to warn the public against putting implicit faith in the so-called pacific intentions of the politicians on the Neva. It was said that the new frontier, which was of great length, but without strength and without English *surveillance* on the spot, was of no avail, and would hardly arrest the current of Russian plots and intrigues. Later events have fully justified these apprehensions. No sooner had Sir West Ridgeway and his party withdrawn from Afghan Turkestan, when Ishak Khan came out in open rebellion against his cousin on the throne of Kabul, and having been defeated he fled into Russian territory, and is now the guest of the Czar, who had encouraged him in Balkh, but did not think it desirable to second his words by means of armed assistance. Ishak Khan is now in the hands of Russia ready to be played against England, should any complication arise, but in the mean time nothing is neglected to prepare the ground and to augment the troubles of the Emir of Afghanistan. It is for this purpose that Shehabeddin, a partisan of Ishak, has been appointed *Kutval, i.e.*, chief police officer, in Merv. Extraordinary activity is shown by this man, working in harmony with the Russian officer at Penjdeh, amongst the Djemshidis and Hazaras living in the environs of Herat. Sedition being always rife amongst these Persian-speaking subjects of the Emir, nothing has been easier than to persuade them to implore the White Padishah on the Neva for his protection. The envoys sent by the Djemshidis to Merv and Askabad

were caught by a happy coincidence *in flagrante* and transported to Kabul, where instead of the expected decoration they got the hemp rope round the neck, but the Hazaras of Firuzkuh proved more cautious. They claimed and got Russian military assistance. Their chief place Kalai-No was for a while occupied by an adventurous Russian officer, whom the authorities at St. Peterburg disavowed and ordered to be punished, whilst his brother officers in Transcaspia heartily cheered him. Not less patent is the influence of Russia in the serious revolt which has broken out amongst the Hazaras in the Hazaradjat, as the mountainous district between Herat and Kabul is called. They number more than 200,000 souls, and, as a remnant of the army of Djenghiz Khan, they have retained many qualities of their warlike ancestors. We just now read that the Emir is collecting a strong force to quell the rebellion: we hope he will be up to the task without being obliged to ask the assistance of his British allies, who cannot refuse to aid him. But I beg leave to ask whether the continuation of such a state of things is endurable, and whether England can look on any longer with equanimity at this perverse game of an unconscientious disturber of peace?

No wonder when in just indignation the cry is raised—*Quousque tandem Russia abutere patientia nostra?* How long shall England stand looking with folded arms while Russia undermines the ground on the Heri Rud, in the Paropamisus, in the valleys of the Hindu Kush, on the Pamir, nay, in the very neighbourhood of British outposts, in preparation for the great struggle which has to be fought between the representative of Western civilisation and liberty and between the very prototype of despotism, anarchy, and misrule? I believe there is a limit to indulgence and to patience, and Russia is grossly mistaken if she fancies that John Bull will patiently put his neck in the noose she is preparing for him, and that a great, mighty, and rich country will be pulled down by her as easily as she managed to pull down rotten Asiatic States. There is no room to doubt about it, that the Pamir incident will turn out the last straw which will and must break the back of the British camel.

A. VAMBÉRY.

MY PARIS NOTE BOOK.

I CAUGHT my first glimpse of the Boulevards more than three decades and a half ago, when I was barely thirteen ; since then I have lived in Paris for two, three, and four years at a time, and when not living there have rarely missed spending a fortnight or three weeks in my old haunts twice or three times every year. From my earliest youth I was thrown into the society of men whose names were and are still household words throughout the civilised world. They were the familiars and friends of two of my maternal grand-uncles, bachelors both, who had come to Paris shortly after Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, and who never left it again until the day of their death. Curiously enough, these two men, who had become Parisians to the backbone and to their finger tips, objected to sleep their last sleep in or near the city of their adoption. They both lie in a little cemetery near Amsterdam, where the yellow waters of the Y splash against the shore. "It won't do to sleep one's last sleep at Père la Chaise or Montmartre," they said in French, for they had left off speaking their mother tongue long ago. "It won't do to sleep one's last sleep there, for there is such a terrible noise and din that one might be awakened ; and if the deceased should take it into his head to revisit his old haunts, the chances would be ten to one on his getting the cold shoulder from his best friends, for in Paris a man is forgotten in a fortnight."

From this it will be seen that they did not foster many illusions with regard to the durability of Frenchmen's regret for, or recollection of, those who had gone before them ; though they themselves were capable of very deep-seated attachments. They had both been army surgeons, but took to private practice when they settled in Paris. I feel certain that their patients were much more numerous than their fees, but it did not matter much, seeing that they had enough to live upon independent of their profession.

A propos of this strange indifference of the Parisian to those who

can no longer minister to his pleasure, appetite, or vanity, I remember an incident in connection with the funeral of Alfred de Musset in 1857. Both my relatives knew the poet well, though during the year and a half that elapsed between my arrival and his death I only saw him once at their house. But I was too young to appreciate the privilege. When he died, eighteen months later, I had got a good many of his poems by heart and was very anxious to follow his remains. My elder relative being confined to his room with a sprained ankle, I had to stay at home to keep him company, the younger went alone.

"Well, Mark," said his brother, when the latter returned, "I suppose there was an enormous crowd?"

"Very enormous, brother, I counted them," replied Mark, bitterly.

"How could you count such a crowd?"

"Very easily. Apart from his family and a few of his friends there were when we left the house exactly seventeen. Before we had got half a mile on our way a regiment preceded by its band went by and we were reduced to fourteen. I would rather say no more about it."

I have often thought of this, and on the day of Victor Hugo's funeral I commented upon it to M. Yves Guyot, the recent Minister of Public Works, with whom I was standing on the steps of the Panthéon while waiting for M. Jules Claretie's speech. M. Guyot, whom I have known for many years, is probably the most honest and the most hardworking of all the men who have come to the front under the Third Republic. I may go further still and say that he is one of the three men who have not benefited pecuniarily by having been selected to fill high places; the other two being M. Carnot and M. de Freycinet. But, staunch and single-minded Republican as he is, he is neither blind to the questionable tactics of the succeeding Ministries in beating the Republican "big drum," nor does he pretend to be. His answer came pat: "Mon cher, ce n'est pas Victor Hugo qu'on enterre, c'est l'Empire. En France on n'enterre jamais un grand homme, on enterre un principe plus ou moins detesté, plus ou moins aimé. Alfred de Musset n'avait pas de principe politique, il n'avait que son patriotisme, voilà la difference."

These notes are written at random, "au hasard de la plume," as our neighbours say, consequently there has been no attempt at chronological arrangement on my part. My grand-uncles had known both Queen Hortense and the erstwhile King of Holland, they had, furthermore, rendered some slight services to their son before he was President of the Second Republic. When Louis Napoleon, who was gratitude personified,

ascended the Imperial throne, he gave them their *entrée* to the Tuileries; he would have given them some lucrative appointments, but they did not want them. Both were very fond of the Emperor, and often went to see him, either early in the morning or after dinner. Till the day of their death they maintained that the Emperor could have given odds to the wittiest French journalist of his own time and beaten him. The mention of the steps of the Panthéon puts me in mind of Archbishop Sibour, who was murdered there, and of a little scene between him and the Sovereign, in which the worthy prelate decidedly got the worst. My elder uncle, who had the story direct from Louis Napoleon's lips, often used to tell it, but I have never seen it printed but once, namely, in a London evening paper, to which I gave it while I was its Paris correspondent. It is good enough to bear repetition.

One morning shortly after his accession, my uncle found the Emperor in the brightest of spirits; he was chuckling to himself, which was not always the case. After they had been chatting a little while, the Emperor said suddenly, "Those priests are very funny now and then."

"Why date, Sire?" replied my uncle, who had read a good deal, and who remembered the *mot* of Mirabeau, when someone told him that the National Assembly had been dull that day.

"You are right, they are funny always, when they are not *assommants*," assented the Sovereign, who did not mind using a popular locution when talking to his friends. "I have been wasting my breath for more than half an hour trying to persuade Sibour that I cannot remove the tombs, or rather the monuments, of Jean Jacques and Voltaire from the Panthéon just to please some of his flock."

"Why do they wish them removed, Sire, seeing that these monuments do not contain a pinch of Rousseau's or Voltaire's ashes?"

"That's just what I have been telling him, but he would not listen to my argument. He simply repeated that 'his flock felt uncomfortable in the presence of these two atheists.'"

"How did you pacify him, Sire?"

"I did not pacify him at all. I got out of temper myself at last, and then I exclaimed, 'Look you here, Monseigneur, how do you think these two atheists feel in the presence of your believers?' That settled him, and he did not say another word."

Here is another story which has never been published. When public opinion clamoured for the prosecution of the author of *Madame Bovary*,

the Emperor consented, though very reluctantly. He was one of the first who had read the book, and in his inmost heart he admired both the author and his work. "Then why prosecute him, Sire," asked my uncle Mark. "I tell you why," replied the Emperor, smiling; "if we do not prosecute him we shall have every cabman in Paris and in the provinces asking double fare the moment an affectionate-looking couple try to step into his vehicle. Flaubert ought to have known better; if it was absolutely necessary to his plot to have Emma and her lover drive round Rouen for a whole day, he ought to have made the young fellow get a carriage from a livery stable. As it is, there is already an outcry in the town that people can't get a hackney cab without being fleeced. There will be greater scandals if we don't prosecute him than if we do."

Both my relatives were very bad shots; nevertheless, during their annual visits to Fontainebleau and Compiègne, they always went shooting with the Emperor, who, it seems, was a fair marksman. "We must have some muffs among us, just as the Spartans had their drunken helots, as an example to be avoided," said the Emperor, to console them for their frequent discomfiture. "If we had not you, we should have to invite M. Thiers, and the gamekeepers could not scowl at him as they do at you, even if he would come. Besides, you need not fret about it, *the* Emperor (by which he meant his uncle) was even a worse shot than either of you; the only time they put a gun in his hand he killed a poor hound and went away thinking he had killed a stag."

And then he told them a story, which, though it has not been mentioned by any of the great captain's biographers, is unquestionably true.

In those days the stag wherever brought to bay was left for the Emperor to kill. One day, however, the Emperor was not to be found and the Master of the Staghounds finished the animal with his hunting-knife. Just then the Emperor came in sight, they hurriedly got the dead stag on its legs, supporting it with branches, &c., &c., and handed the Emperor "the carabine of honour," as it was called. The Emperor fired, of course the stag tumbled over, but at the same time there was a piteous whine from one of the hounds who had been shot through the head. The Emperor, who was on horseback, turned round, utterly unconscious of the mischief he had done, and saying to one of his aides-de-camp, "Après tout, je ne suis pas aussi mauvais tireur qu'on ne le prétend."

My visit to my grand-uncles, which was intended to last but a few weeks, lasted for nearly four years. I had been sent to Paris to learn

French, my parents being opposed to my attempting to do so at a school in either Holland or Belgium, but these two kind old bachelors were equally determined to save me from the hardships of a *lycée* in the provinces or in the capital. My mother was their favourite niece, and they swore that they would as soon send me to Mazas as to college. They always professed the greatest horror of the scholastic *régime* in France. I was too young then to appreciate thoroughly the blessing of their interference, though, of course, I was but too pleased to be exempt from school. Since then, knowing what I do, I cherish their memory doubly; first of all, for all that I owe them; secondly, for having prevented my childhood and early youth becoming a bitter remembrance to me in after life. I have known intimately for many years Jules Vallès, the author of *Jacques Vingtras*, and I have no hesitation in saying that his bitter, cruel hatred of the French school-room and all that it contains was not an exception, albeit that no Frenchman before or after him has had sufficient genius to present the truth in the same guise. Lest the reader should accuse me of exaggeration let him read Vallès' masterpiece first, and then *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Both books are the outcome of personal experience. After that, he, the reader, will see how much cause I have to be grateful for having escaped the ordeal of such a hell on earth.

During my first stay in Paris I saw many men and things of whom and which I have still the most vivid recollection, for I need scarcely state that my own note-book was not started until many years afterwards, and that the foregoing jottings were put down long after its commencement, partly from memory, partly from some loose memoranda left by my relatives. Two days after my arrival in Paris I caught sight for the first time not only of the Boulevards in all their glory, and from one end to the other, but also of a part of the army. It was on the occasion of the return of some of the troops from the Crimea (December 31st, 1855). We had a police pass, and were enabled to walk in the middle of the road, unhindered by anyone. I was a very little lad then, and fresh from a capital the central thoroughfares of which are even now as narrow as Bond Street, whilst its squares, with the exception of one, were, at that time, at any rate, in proportion. The reader may, therefore, imagine my childish delight, I had almost said "my childish awe," at the sight of the magnificent artery, gaily bedecked with flags and bunting of every kind, its beauty enhanced by a splendid bright winter sky overhead, and a stretch of yellow gravel as far as the

eye could reach. Curiously enough, though, the delight, if not the awe, has remained as keen in the man as it was in the boy. The first sight of the Boulevards has always the same effect upon me. It stirs something within which I cannot exactly define, but which must be akin to the sensation of the poor old woman I once saw emerge from one of the side streets on to the King's-road at Brighton. "Well, old girl, what do you think of the sea?" asked a young fellow, who was evidently her son. "Think," replied the old dame, after a long pause, "I can't think, Jim, I can only thank God for His having shown me something in my life of which there seems to be enough and to spare." Perhaps the definition of an educated, but very unworldly, Yorkshireman is better still. I met him on board the steamer, and he asked me to recommend him an hotel. I took him to mine, and brought him by way of the Rue Auber and the Place de l'Opéra on to the Boulevards. It was early in February, 1882, and the temperature was as mild as that of a midsummer's day. We reached the hotel by the Rue Lafayette and the Boulevard Haussmann. He had not caught a glimpse of the Boulevards. After dinner I took him out. "What do you think of this?" I asked. He stood for a moment as if transfixed, then he answered: "Cowper said that 'God made the country; man the town.' The devil made the country town and the angels must have made the Boulevards."

I was not struck in the same degree with the appearance of the troops, albeit that, child as I was, I had heard of their prowess from my father, whom I often accompanied in the daytime to his café, where he and his friends closely followed the various incidents of the Crimean War. It was not because they were travel-stained and, as a matter of course, threadbare, not to say ragged, that my childish admiration kept merely "on the simmer" and refused to bubble up. In fact, the four or five regiments of the line in their patched and worn greatcoats, with their far from bright accoutrements, interested me more than the two or three regiments of the Guards, in their spick and span uniforms, who opened the march. The latter had returned a few months previously and been provided for afresh. No, in spite of the magnificent drum-major, the bearded sappers, with their white leather aprons and the inspiriting band, my boyish mind took to criticising the men's physique and to comparing them with the crowds of disbanded Englishmen—if Englishmen they were—I had seen in Rotterdam. They were the first red-coats I had ever beheld, and I remember them well now, tall, strapping fellows,

who seemed giants. The Frenchmen in appearance, at any rate, were no better than the ordinary Dutch troops, and certainly not as good as the colonial ones whom we frequently saw on their way to the vessels. My scepticism with regard to the real value of the French army when compelled to cope unaided with that of a hardier race may have taken root at that moment; I am not prepared to say. Certain is it that, during the many years which elapsed between that December day and the army's terrible collapse in 1870-1871, I never believed implicitly in its invincibility; and that notwithstanding the more gorgeous spectacle I witnessed nearly four years later. I am alluding to the return of the troops from the Franco-Austrian War in 1859, on which occasion the Parisians were treated for the first time to the sight of the Zouaves and the Turcos. The latter became even greater favourites with the female population than the former; they were magnificent, stalwart fellows, and for the next fortnight might be seen everywhere with some of the prettiest women in Paris hanging fondly on their arms. When the Emperor was told of this he smiled and uttered a sentence which has since become proverbial among the French, after Jules Noriac had appropriated it in his *Bêtise Humaine*. "Tous les goûts sont dans la nature." Not long after that he happened to see a set of ebony brushes intended as a birthday present to one of the ladies of the Empress's suite. "A la bonne heure," he said, "nous aurons du Turco maintenant sur la table de toilette; quant à moi, en matière d'amour et d'hygiène, je préfère l'ivoire."

In connection with the Zouaves and the Turcos I have by me a note in the handwriting of my younger grand-uncle which, read by the light of later events, contains a terrible prophecy, and shows once for all the real opinion of Napoleon III., not only with regard to those overrated troops, but with regard to the whole of the French army. The note is dated August 27th, 1859, less than a fortnight after the grandiose spectacle on the Boulevards. It runs as follows:

"Saw the Emperor the day before yesterday and congratulated him upon the magnificent appearance of the Zouaves and Turcos. To my great surprise he did not seem to share my enthusiasm. He hung his head and pulled at his moustache. "Oui," he said, "des beaux soldats, en effet, c'est le levain, peut-être, de l'armée française, mais je n'ai guère besoin de vous dire que le levain qui fermente trop peut gâter toute une fournée. Il faudrait être sûr, absolument sûr, de la nature, de la qualité, et du levain et de la pâte avant de les mettre ensemble."

This was eleven years before the Franco-German War. I am

anticipating my own notes, but I may add that the inhabitants of Nancy, whatever the reaction may have been afterwards, hailed as a relief the advent of the German troops who delivered them from the Zouaves.

Still in connection with the defeat of Francis Joseph in 1859, here is a fact which I have not seen stated anywhere by the historians, and which, with many other things, justified Napoleon III.'s belief in his star. I condense a note in the same handwriting as above. "Louis Napoleon, even during the life of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt, must have kept a close watch upon events in France, for about a fortnight ago (September, 1859) he showed me a placard the existence of which, though I had seen a similar one on the walls of Paris during the July Revolution, had slipped my memory. It is a proclamation, emanating from some provisional government, evidently sitting at the Hotel de Ville, for the bill is dated from there, calling upon the French to raise the son of the great Napoleon to the throne. 'If Francis II. had not been blinded by his jealousy of his grandson,' said the Emperor, 'his successor would not have been in the plight he is, for my cousin the Duc de Reichstadt would have never been pledged to revolutionary Italy as I was; and it is more than probable that I might have gone to my grave as a simple prince of the blood. The Duc de Reichstadt would have married, there might have been a child, and even if he had died two years later, as he did, though *it is my opinion he would have lived to a good old age away from the Austrian Court*, I should have been excluded.'

"'But, Sire,' my uncle replied, 'Francis II. could not send a lad of nineteen to Paris on the mere strength of that bit of paper; and such a weak lad, too.'

"'My cousin was not as weak as you imagine. Besides, there was no necessity to send him on the mere strength of that bit of paper. Someone had already been sent to fetch him, and that someone was none other than Talleyrand. I am perfectly certain of my facts, for careful inquiry has convinced me that he was absent from Paris for several days.'"

So far the note of my uncle as inspired by his conversation with the Emperor. I am unable to verify the truth of the latter's statement, because the Duc de Broglie has taken care not to blacken the memory of Talleyrand needlessly, still I have a vague recollection of having read something to the effect, whether in the *Metternich Memoirs* or elsewhere I cannot say for certain. I have an idea that it was elsewhere, in an

interesting study on the Duc de Reichstadt. But the name of the author has altogether slipped my memory.

The space allotted to this article, though comparatively large, is too small to admit of the reproduction of even a tithe of the notes on the Emperor. I shall, perhaps, come back to him at some future time and with "more personal recollections," for I saw Louis Napoleon three or four times and had two interviews with him late in the sixties.

My family on the mother's side are all without exception inveterate theatre and opera goers, and I have inherited, at any rate, that part of their artistic proclivities. Though I can scarcely read the simplest bar of music, I could, long before I came to Paris, sing correctly some of the most difficult airs from the most popular operas. My two uncles were excellent musicians, and what the French call melomaniacs to boot. They had heard Tamberlick before he appeared in public, for they were assiduous frequenters of the Hotel du Périgord, the residence of the then director of Italian opera in Paris, Calzado, under whose auspices Madame Patti made her *début* in the French capital. But though I heard Tamberlick almost immediately after his first appearance in Rossini's *Otello*, I did not see him until some time afterwards off the stage. Truth to tell, I did not mind the delay, for, notwithstanding the magnificent voice, my youthful loyalty to Mario refused to concede to the new-comer the first place. I was Mario's slave, I would have willingly worn his old clothes and boots and brushed and blacked his new ones; for he had done for me, the lad of thirteen or fourteen, what probably he would have done only for a duchess or a princess. He had sung to me, all by myself, in my uncles' drawing-room one day when he called and they were out. He never came to Paris without paying them a visit. Curiously enough, I never see Princess Helen's husband without being reminded of Mario, as I saw him then. This may be purely fancy on my part, for I have never spoken to His Royal Highness.

One day, some years afterwards, when I was no longer a boy, he told me some fragments of his biography. He was intended for a military career by his father, who was a general, and the son, in fact, pursued his studies with that end at the Military College. One of his fellow-students was Camillio Cavour. Cavour, it appears, left the army on account of some unhappy attachment. M. di Candia doffed the uniform on account of a too happy attachment, though he never openly admitted this, seeing that he was the least boastful of men in that respect. He merely said that one day he was sent with some despatches to the Viceroy of Sardinia at

Cagliari. "No doubt," he went on, "those despatches were very important, they must have been, seeing that His Majesty Charles Albert himself handed them to me, but for reasons which it is not necessary to tell I preferred to remain where I was. The King was determined I should go, and it was no good appealing to my father, who admitted the necessity of my temporary exile and had been consulted by the party most interested in my removal. My going meant the severance of everything that was dear to me. I do not mean my family, for a young fellow desperately in love as I was then has no family; to stay against the King's wishes, to refuse to execute his orders meant disgrace, so I quietly went to a chemist of my acquaintance, changed my clothes, and took ship for Marseilles, *en route* for Paris.

"At first," he went on, "I had no more idea of singing for my living than of flying; I knew I could sing, of course, nearly every one of my countrymen can, but as for being able to sing better than or as well as those who were paid for it, I had not the least idea. The legend current is that the women, the *grandes dames de par le monde*, drove me to the stage: nothing is further from the truth; they might have gone on worrying me till doomsday if I had had sufficient money for my wants, and my wants were by no means large then. The fact is, and I am somewhat ashamed to tell you, I considered it derogatory to sing for money; but what I considered more derogatory still to a gentleman was to simulate the holiest sentiments God has implanted in our hearts, night after night, for women whom one could not have loved if they had thrown themselves at one's head. There would have been a way out of that difficulty, for I had originally a baritone, almost a bass voice, and you know that in the operatic world the man thus scurvily treated by nature is supposed to be incapable of stirring any passion in a woman's heart except that of hatred. Of course, as a baritone or bass I should have had to feign love just the same, luckily, unrequited love; but I should have been able to revenge myself by making the lovers uncomfortable. This may seem trivial to you, but if you only knew what an innocent I really was, notwithstanding all my social success in Paris, you would laugh at me now.

"However, it was not a woman nor women who drove me to the stage; it was my impecuniosity coupled with the advice of a *sergent de ville*. You may well look, but it is true. I was such a boy then that frequently at the termination of the performance I stood in the streets, singing as loud as I could the airs I had just heard. As a matter of course, crowds

collected round me. Said *sergent de ville* had warned me several times and one night he took me to the Commissaire. 'Voilà un individu, M. le Commissaire, qui ne veut pas cesser de chanter dans la rue, bien que je lui ai dit plusieurs fois que je serais obligé de l'arrêter s'il continue.' That was the charge against me. Then came his comment. 'Pourquoi ne va-t-il pas en dedans? il chante aussi bien que beaucoup de chanteurs payés, et même mieux.' That decided me. Next day I began to study, and at my *début* I sent the *sergent de ville* tickets for himself and his wife."

My uncles did like my father. We lived in the Rue Drouot, and when they went to their café they took me with them. They objected to my going to the Quartier-Latin by myself; they said, "I was to wait until I was twenty"; I gave them my word, never broke it. The Quartier-Latin was barred, but I was free to roam about the rest of Paris if I liked. Strange as it may seem, I did not like; I preferred their company to that of lads of my own age, and the result was that I saw a good many of the secondary celebrities of those days, who were quite as well worth knowing from a certain point of view as the others. The one who struck me most was Jules Noriac, whose book I have already mentioned, which book was, however, not written until one or two years later. Jules Noriac was even handsomer than Mario, though of a different type of beauty. He was, moreover, the essence of French wit. It is a pity students of French literature know so very little of *Le 101e Regiment* and *La Bêtise Humaine*. Jules Noriac was the first Frenchman who wore what we call a "jacket"; I was bold enough to ask him for the address of his tailor, for I had never seen one before; since then I have—man and boy—scarcely worn anything else. That was the beginning of our friendship, which lasted until the day of his death, some years ago. He died of smoker's cancer. He was one of the *habitués* of the Café des Variétés. It was there I saw for the first time Henri Mürger and his *collaborateur*, Théodore Barrière. But both these are too important to be described at the end of an article.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

A MONKEY'S ACADEMY IN AFRICA.

IN arranging such a journey as I have undertaken into the wilds of tropical Africa, it may be found necessary to alter many well-laid plans and modify many details to suit conditions which may arise. It may be necessary to abandon some pet schemes, adopt new methods, and devise new means to meet emergencies which could not be foreseen. I therefore disavow all allegiance to any plan which may not be changed at pleasure, and firmly decline to pre-commit myself irretrievably to any single mode or means without regard to their success; but so far as I can now foresee, the means and methods which I have devised I think will reach the end I have in view, and from the profound interest manifested in my work I deem it only just that I should tell in brief the motives by which I am impelled, the hopes which guide my efforts, and the means by which I expect to accomplish my work.

The novelty of my purpose demands equally novel means to obtain it, and nearly all of these have been devised expressly for this trip. I do not regard it as idle curiosity on the part of the public that so many wish to know all about it, and daily ply me with all manner of questions.

The chief aim of my journey is to find a clue to the great secret of speech, which has so long defied the vigilance of science and the skill of students. Around this one central object all others revolve like planets around a central sun. While I hope to secure new facts upon that special subject, it is only a natural result to expect that I shall add something new to other branches of science and possibly settle some questions which are now in grave doubt.

In order to accomplish such a feat as I propose, it is necessary for me to go into the domain of the great anthropoid apes which inhabit the jungles and primeval forests of West Africa, as that is the only locality in which they can be found; and as these apes are the nearest mental and physical approach to man that is known in the animal

kingdom, I regard them as most important of all animals, and if they do not possess speech that men may acquire, we could scarcely expect it in lower forms. But since I have found it in the monkeys I have not the slightest doubt of my ability to find it in these manlike creatures. To this end I am now outward bound on my journey to enter into those jungles where they live and there take up my abode, that I may study their modes of life in a wild state, and try to establish some friendly relations with them through the means of speech. I hope to procure on the phonograph records of their vocal sounds, and learn to interpret them, so that I may understand those strange denizens of the forest and make myself understood by them.

I do not expect to find among them any high type of speech, but only such as will be adequate to their needs; not only to express their emotions and passions, but to express the natural wants and thoughts suited to such a state of life; and these I may find supplemented by a small vocabulary of acquired terms as the result of new environments, but nothing beyond the most urgent demands of their simple domestic conditions. I shall also record the speech of some of those wild tribes of men in the same regions for comparative study, and these records will be given to the world with all the conditions under which they were taken carefully noted. It is my purpose to secure photographs of the apes in their native forest, and especially to make simultaneous records and photographs in order to reproduce the sound and show the movements of the lips and vocal organs at the instant of uttering the sound, and by this means the vocal physiologist will be afforded a new field for his skill and study. I shall also secure photographs of the kings in their royal home, of their warriors prepared for battle, and the populace as they appear at home, under the conditions of domestic life, records and views of their social, civil, and religious rites, their music, speech, dancing, and devotions, and everything that may conduce to our knowledge concerning these people, from the African sage, with his snake-skins and rattles, to the sable belles in their full evening dress. Thus we may obtain an adequate idea of the wild and savage life of these people, and, by comparison with their kinsmen in America, we may see what civilisation and bondage have wrought for this benighted race.

With such objects in view I shall go into the forest under the Equator provided with such means as will enable me to accomplish what no other human being has ever attempted. To this end I shall carry with me a phonograph of special type, photo-camera, telephones

of special pattern, an armament of very novel kind, an electric battery, and many minor supplies.

The most important part of my outfit is a cage of my own design, which I had constructed for this special use, and which is perhaps the most unique and available of any part of the entire apparatus. It consists of twenty-four sections, and is made of No. 9 Bessemer steel wire, woven into a lattice having a two-inch mesh and framed in steel; each section is 3ft. 3in. square, and provided with twelve hinges, three on each side, making a total of two hundred and eighty-eight hinges in all; and when the cage is put together it forms a cube 6ft. 6in. square. The cage can be erected as quickly as a tent, and for convenience in transporting can be taken apart and divided into such loads as may be desired. As a protection to the wire-work while being carried on the head of a man, each panel will be lashed to a board 3ft. 3in. long and 6½in. wide. There will be one board to each panel of the cage, and when the cage is erected these twenty-four boards cover the exact area of 6½ft. square, and will serve me for a floor. These boards will be steeped in tar to protect them against the ants, and will be covered with a thin rubber mat. Each panel, with board attached, weighs 20lb., and three of them constitute a load for one man. Each panel of the cage is an exact duplicate of the rest, and may be joined together without trouble, as each one is interchangeable with all the rest; any one of the twenty-four pieces can be used as a door, and I can have as many doors as I choose, which I shall lock with detachable spring-locks. Any side of the cage can be used for top or bottom. A very correct idea of my cage may be formed by taking eight pieces of writing paper, cut perfectly square, and marking them off into four equal square sections or quarters. Cut out one quarter from each piece, and fold the other part along the lines so as to form three sides of a box, then arrange these into one large cube, and you will have a very good model of my cage. The cage erected will be anchored by four tarred ropes, each of which will be attached at one end to the base of an adjacent tree, and at the other end attached to each other on the top of the cage. The use of the tarred rope and tarred boards will be stated further on.

The uses that I shall find for my cage are many. I shall occupy it at times as a place of safety while watching my ferocious neighbours in the unbroken jungle; it will serve me as a house while I may be delayed at any time in making terms with the natives, in procuring help, or learning the language of any tribe whose country I may wish to explore.

It will be provided with a canvas top and sides, which will protect me from the weather, and I can use it as a depôt in which to store my supplies with safety, so that if left alone there for weeks (as they may have to be) they will not be exposed to the danger of the curious natives or prowling beasts. If I were to leave my apparatus, arms, and food supplies out in the forest exposed to the weather, animals, and natives, I should not expect to find them again; but with my cage I have an immunity from such dangers, which I could not otherwise have. Another very novel use and additional protection afforded me by my cage is that by the aid of an induction coil I can instantly charge it with a three-hundred-volt current of electricity, which I can sustain for about three hundred consecutive hours, so that if I find it necessary to my safety I can charge it any time while I occupy it, or I can go away and leave it charged for a week at a time, so that anything that touches it in the meantime will receive such a shock as to lessen its interest in the investigation. The tarred rope being a non-conductor, and the cage resting on five soft rubber discs, will perfectly insulate the cage from the ground, while the tarred boards and rubber mat perfectly insulate me from the cage. While in the villages of the natives I shall keep my goods stored in this cage as a safeguard against having them stolen, and by charging it for a few hours until the natives become afraid of it, I apprehend no further trouble from that source, as I think the shock will lessen the temptation to the typical African to rob and steal. Besides these and many minor uses I shall find for it, one very important use to which I may assign it, when my journey is ended, is to convert it into four smaller cages each 3ft. 3in. square, or into two cages 6ft. 6in. long by 3ft. 3in. square, as the panels can be connected in that way with the same ease as they may be erected into a large cage. In case I should secure any animals which I wish to ship home, these cages could be made available at once.

My electric battery will not be used alone for the purpose described, as that is merely a secondary use for it. The prime purpose of my battery is to operate my phonograph, my telephones, and photo-camera. I shall have attached to the diaphragm of my phonograph the telephone wire, which can easily be carried to any point in the forest, within a few miles of my cage, at which point will be attached another telephone concealed in a tin cone, all of which will be painted green, in order that it may be easily concealed in the leaves or moss. Having arranged this at a suitable point, and placed in front of it some bait, effigy, mirror, or

other inducement, the place will be watched with diligence, and when an ape may be found within a proper distance if he should utter any sounds they will be transmitted over the telephone wire to the phonograph, where they will be recorded; at the same time a photo-camera, having been adjusted on the field from some neighbouring tree, will be snapped by means of electricity, and a picture of the scene secured. At night my camera will be set where there is a chance of some use for it, in which case the electric current which would snap the shutter during the day can be used at night to fire a flash-light, so that I may be able to secure some night scenes of the great forest. I shall be provided with a few small globes or lamps, for electric lights, so that I may use them if necessary in developing my negatives, or adjusting my apparatus, or any other temporary use. I shall also find use for my battery in securing birds. I shall carry with me some small screen wire, upon which I will place food, in an exposed position, and to which I shall have attached my wires all properly insulated. If a bird light upon the screen to partake of the food it will have the benefit of my battery and I shall have the bird. The connection will be made by small cones of wet mud. I shall possibly use similar devices, such as a copper vessel containing some food, to allure the apes and monkeys, and when they put their hands into the vessel I may be able to secure them without injury. And in a similar manner, by attaching bait in various ways, I hope to be able to secure such specimens as I may wish. For example, by setting my wire across a stream or pool frequented by water-fowl, and attaching to it some attractive bait, I shall probably be able to secure such fowl alive. I shall also use my telephones to connect myself with my servants, carriers, guides, and so forth, whom I shall require to camp at some distance from my cage; and by the use of the telephone I can give such instructions, directions, or orders from time to time as I may desire. It may be readily seen that the presence of a caravan, with the necessary noise, fire, lights, and so on, would militate against my success, and as I desire to be entirely alone at my work, I have hit upon this expedient as the best to give me the use of my men without their presence.

I shall carry with me a good stock of photographic supplies, and two good cameras, with which I expect to secure some novel views. I shall endeavour to secure the photographs of various animals, wild in the forest, at a range of eight or ten feet. One simple method of doing so is to place my camera in such a way as to cover a certain field. Having

set my shutter I shall require the animal to snap it himself, and take his own picture in my absence. This I shall do by attaching to a trigger a string of certain length, and to the string attach some seductive bait, so that any animal that takes the bait must pull the string, which will throw the trigger and take his picture. Of course I shall lose the string, bait, and trigger, but I shall know who got it.

I shall carry among my supplies an armament which I presume will be equal to all demands upon it; as I am going on a mission of peace and not one of conquest, I shall not go escorted by an armed force. My carriers will be armed only with their native weapons, while I shall carry one magazine rifle, calibre 38, which has been presented me by General W. E. Webb, as a token of his faith in my undertaking. For this weapon I carry a full supply of ammunition. I also carry a good 38 calibre revolver, which was presented by my son, Harry E. Garner, together with an ample store of cartridges. Besides these I shall carry with me a small, light No. 22 rifle for birds and small game; but as the report of firearms will alarm and drive away the game, I shall use a far more deadly weapon at short range, which is noiseless but effective. I have devised a gun and missile for my own use; the gun barrel is a straight reed about four feet long, bored out quite smooth and uniform, and the missile is driven by the force imparted by two very strong rubber bands, supplemented by two strong steel springs. The weapon is charged at the muzzle with an arrow or dart having a steel head of peculiar design. The head is composed of two pieces of steel, barbed and hollowed out in a manner something like a steel pen, and two of the pieces are joined together by a rivet passing through them, so that when the head is not mounted on the shaft the points stand open, but when mounted they are compressed compactly together. The shaft is held in such a manner that it is perfectly secure while in transit, but when it has driven the steel head into its quarry, the shaft is withdrawn by its own weight; while the steel head is held by the barbs. By the aid of a small rubber disc placed just forward of the rivets the points of the dart will be forced slightly apart. The forward chamber of this steel head is charged with prussic acid, carrying about ten drops, which discharged into the blood of any animal is absolutely fatal, or followed by such a state of paralysis as will render the victim quite harmless. I have been assured upon good authority that such a charge shot into the eye or near the heart of an elephant or a lion would result in instant death. The darts will only be charged as

they may be needed, and may be used with other poisons or without any at all, and other kinds of heads may be used on the same shafts if desired. Another weapon which I shall have with me is a short spear with steel head charged with the same deadly poison. This will only be used in case of close attack or assault upon my cage, when it will be used for stabbing the animal through the meshes of the cage; at each thrust of the spear point it will discharge about ten drops of the acid, but it will be charged with a total of about two hundred drops at a time. I do not expect to have much use for this weapon, but I take it as a precaution.

A peculiar but serviceable weapon is what I call my masked battery. It consists of a soft rubber canteen to which is attached a small rubber hose about 2ft. long, with a metallic nozzle provided with a ring to fit the fourth finger, and the hose may be passed through the coat sleeve if desired. The canteen will be worn close up under the arm, and the ring worn upon the finger so that the nozzle will be within easy reach at all times, and yet the hand may be used with but little obstruction. Within the nozzle is a valve operated by a key such as you find on a flute. When free from pressure the valve is perfectly closed to prevent the discharge of its contents, but the closing of the hand will open the valve and the weight of the arm will discharge the battery, which is charged with concentrated ammonia. In case of surprise this weapon may serve to stifle an assailant until he may be otherwise disposed of. It may also be an easy mode of capturing some prey without maiming it. The ammonia will only be kept in the canteen as it may be thought necessary, and the same battery may be used to administer chloroform, camphor, and so forth when desired.

The object of using the poison in the arrow is not so much for defence as to procure any certain specimen without alarming others, and without allowing it to escape after being wounded; nor is the ammonia battery intended alone as a weapon of defence, but will be used when available for securing small specimens by stifling them, or even large ones by administering chloroform.

I have a medicine belt, which was presented me by Mrs. M. French-Sheldon. It is a duplicate of one which she carried on her recent journey through East Africa. It is as compact and complete as it is possible to be. It contains remedies and antidotes for almost everything which may be apprehended in a long journey through the jungles and dangers of Africa.

In addition to these necessary purtenances I carry with me perhaps the most novel letter of introduction that any traveller has ever carried with him. It is a message to the chief of Lukalela in the Middle Congo country; it is a message dictated to a phonograph and carefully recorded. It is from Mr. E. J. Glave to Iuka and his people. Mr. Glave spent three years at this village, and was on intimate terms of friendship with the chief and his tribe, and with them he holds the important relation of the blood brotherhood. In the message he introduces me as his blood brother from the land of the white man, and commends me to the kindly offices of this great chief and all his tribe, many of whom he calls by name. He assures them that I will do them no harm, he tells them that I possess great power and can do many wonderful things, but everything that I shall do will be for the good of the chief and his people; he asks them to trust me implicitly and believe all that I shall tell them, to aid me in my work, to let his people go with me and fear no harm, to treat me kindly in all respects, and always to speak the truth to me.

On arriving there I shall not rush into the presence of this savage chief, adjust my phonograph, and startle him with this letter, but I shall educate him by degrees, so that when I deliver him the message he will hear his white friend speak in his own voice, of which he is assured in the message. I shall record the response of the chief and send it to Mr. Glave in America.

Among other experiments which I expect to perform with the phonograph will be to make a daily record as nearly as possible of some children of the natives in order to ascertain whether or not the development of consonant sounds follows the same law with them as with children of the Caucasian race, and a like experiment as far as possible will be made with the young apes. One of the first things that I expect to do on arriving in Africa is to secure two young chimpanzees or gorillas and proceed immediately to domesticate them as far as possible. I shall avoid speaking to them in human speech, but watch and study carefully the development of their own. I shall keep them with me most of the time and use them as decoys to aid me in my experiments with other apes. It is my belief that I can domesticate them until they will not leave me even when turned loose in the forest, and I believe I can train them to fight for me and defend me from the danger of assault from others. One very important experiment that I contemplate trying is to see if I cannot effect a very limited commercial treaty. I believe it is possible to exchange certain articles

with those apes, which will indicate in them a feeble appreciation of values and the law of exchange. Such an experiment would go far to prove the intelligence and reasoning power of those creatures; it will also aid in determining whether they have specific names for things or terms which indicate a single object to the exclusion of all others. I have observed such a trait in monkeys, but have not been able to tell as yet, with any degree of certainty, to what degree they appreciate these values, or whether they are indeed conscious of the real meaning of the act, as all the monkeys in which I have observed this act have been thoroughly domesticated specimens.

If it can be shown that these animals can acquire new sounds and ascribe to them new meanings, it will indicate a capacity which has always been denied them; but as I have observed three instances where monkeys have done this, I have no doubt that it can be done by these apes with much greater facility. All these points will be carefully noted and the results given to the world as new data in the realm of speech.

The geographical district that I expect to cover will depend upon many things—one of which is the apes which inhabit it and the facilities for studying them; another the difficulties of procuring specimens or pursuing my work in that direction; another, and not the least important, will be my own health, which I shall endeavour to guard with all diligence. I wish to state, for the gratification of those who have shown great solicitude in my behalf and think that I am rash and reckless, that I am defying the fates and daring dangers, that I am not going to Africa to die if I can avoid it, nor am I going there to ascertain by experience how much fever it takes to kill a man, but I shall take advantage of all that has been found out by others, and shall obey the laws of health which have been prescribed by the best authorities, and learn all that I can before I go, in order to have as little as possible to learn after reaching there, so that I may devote my time to my special work; and it is my fixed purpose now to return to the world to tell what I have done; and if I find that I can buy a gorilla easier than I can catch him myself, the chances are many to one that I shall buy him, and if the apes will come to me I shall take life as quietly as possible and not run after them. I do not mean by this that I shall not take such tours into the country as may be required to study topography, fauna, flora, and so forth, which cannot come to me; but I shall take the shortest road to every point, and return to civilisation as soon as I can accomplish the

task which I have set myself to do; and when I do return I hope to bring with me such trophies that the world will not regret that I have lived in it.

Among the trophies which I most earnestly hope to secure is a phonographic record of a gorilla or a chimpanzee, and a photograph of the same animal at the same time, in his native jungle. I shall have with me such utensils as taxidermists use in preparing the skins of animals for mounting, and all necessary chemicals for preserving any specimens I may obtain. There are many things which I hope to accomplish, and many plans I may adopt with success, of which I shall not speak at present. I shall assert, however, that none will be left untried, and that if all fail, new ones will be thought out and put to the test.

In conclusion, I may say that when my outfit is completed, it will contain everything which it is now thought will be required for the success of so important a journey.

Besides my armament, phonograph, photo-camera, telephone, battery, &c., my cage will contain a camp chair, a hammock with air pillow and mosquito-bar; it will be provided with an electric light for emergencies. At a distance of about fifty feet from the cage I shall have hung on each side an electric light globe, any one of which may be instantly lighted in case of necessity, and again as quickly extinguished.

In the fabric of human society there must be woof as well as warp; and in the great guilds of science there must be laymen as well as deans. There must be some to go out and search for new materials for others to work into shape. Many who are called men of science spend their lives in acquiring knowledge of what others have done, and these men of letters are usually regarded as the high priests of science; but they are really the laymen, and in very few instances have they ever added anything to the volume of human knowledge; and while it seems to be an innate law that one must rule and ninety-nine must serve, I do not envy those who stand and wait, who are content to plod along the graded ways of science and simply learn what other men have known; I prefer to lead the way, however difficult. I do not mean to depreciate or undervalue a knowledge of the exploits of others, for only by such a unit of measure can anyone know the value of his own achievements. But I desire to add to such acquirements some new and useful data. I would rather blaze one mile through the forests of science than travel forty leagues along the paved and lighted thoroughfares of learning. I would rather find the bones of one new and unknown genus than

possess a whole museum of familiar forms; and so I feel about the "Simian Tongue." I would rather find the primal truth concerning it than master all the modern tongues of men; and to accomplish such a feat I am willing to forego the comforts of civilisation, the endearments of home, and the blessings of health and plenty, and take upon myself the hardships, undergo the privations, and endure the toil of such a journey that I may give to the world the "open sesame" by which to pass the gates of speech; and for such a task I feel that my early life of hardship and my later years of study in this line have qualified me.

I ask no reward but success, seek no end but truth, and foster no ambition but to augment the sum of human knowledge, to accomplish which I cheerfully stake all there is in life. The results of such an expedition, however meagre in comparison with what may justly be hoped, will contribute more to philology than all the books and theses of modern times. Few truths have been discovered and maintained at a less cost than that of devoting a few human lives to it—not as martyrs, but as labourers in the field to which such truth belongs; and I am willing to devote my life and labour to establishing so important a truth as that in question, whether it be finally settled in the affirmative or negative.

To those who have sought to dissuade me, and have pointed out the dangers of my journey, I wish to say that many of the perils to which I may be exposed will be met by such caution as will reduce them to a minimum. If the many good wishes and benedictions which are daily showered upon me could be realised, my journey through the jungles would be a triumphal march over a pathway of flowers; but, alas! they cannot change the grim aspects of those solitudes, nor banish the ghosts of disease which lurk in the marshes of that torrid coast; but it will lighten the burden and lessen the toil of the perilous march to know that true hearts are measuring my absence, and kind lips are pleading for my safety. Such memories will inspire me with new zeal, and I shall return with the philosopher's stone, and the alchemy of speech will be complete. Till then I cannot feel that I have well deserved so many kindnesses; but if I shall win and merit them I shall accept their generous bestowal with a gratitude as bountiful.

RICHARD L. GARNER.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITS BROADER ASPECTS.

WE are wont to attach two different meanings to the term Renaissance. We employ it to indicate a well-known but indefinite period of time, and also to indicate the mental and moral development of the European nations during that period. On the one hand it denotes the transition from mediæval to modern times; on the other it denotes the intellectual change involved in that transition. The word, by its etymology, takes for granted that this transition was a return to life from a state of deadness. On the special significance of the metaphor Renaissance I mean to dwell at some length further on.

The science of history warns us to be wary in trying to impose chronological limitations upon the main stages of human evolution. In a certain sense we can talk of ancient and modern history, of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; just as, in writing a biography, we can use such terms as boyhood, manhood, and old age. We know, however, that it is a legal fiction to assume that a man becomes adult at the age of twenty-one; we also know that we cannot say when the Middle Ages ended and the Renaissance began. The Renaissance was the final phase of the Middle Ages; it was also the first phase of the modern period. Being by its essence a transition, its beginning and its ending defy definition.

It is easier to define what the nature of the changes wrought during this period of transition really was. The metaphor of rebirth contained in the word Renaissance implies that Europe began a new stage of vivid life, shaking off the torpor which benumbed the human mind when classical civilisation decayed. It means that the nations, led by the Italians, entered upon a fresh stage of energy, implying fuller consciousness and a freer exercise of faculties than had belonged to them during the Middle Ages. In a more restricted sense, it means that this resuscitation was due in a large measure to what is called the Revival of Learning, that is, to renewed interest in classical literature, renewed

curiosity about the texts of ancient authors, works of ancient art, histories of ancient peoples; all of which resulted in a sense of historical continuity, in a return to confidence about the destinies of the human race, in a more intelligent study of mankind and of the world we live in.

There is certainly an idea of progress in the term Renaissance. Like all things that are merely ours and mortal, antique civilisation came to an end. It is an error to suppose that arts, letters, and civil life were extinguished by the Goths and Vandals. What really happened was that those fruits of the spirit, which were so vigorous in Greece, so lusty in Rome, gradually withered up. The power of thinking lucidly diminished; the power of verbal expression dwindled; social and political institutions decayed; old and new religions struggled together in the death of rites, the birth of dogmas. The Græco-Roman culture, which spread like a veneer over the whole Latin empire, shrivelled by the laws of natural declension. Explain it how we will, the law of decline and ultimate extinction holds good for great things and small alike, for things spiritual and things material, in this universe of which man forms a part. While antique culture was expiring, the so-called barbarian races, the Celtic and Teutonic tribes of Northern Europe, were forming themselves into separate aggregations, indefinite and fluctuating at first, but tending always towards organic unity, until the nationalities of Europe emerged into something like distinctness. Towards the close of the Middle Ages it was possible to speak of England, Spain, France, Germany, and Italy, as several factors. At the same time the mediæval institutions of the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire maintained an ideal of European unity, obscuring the hard facts of national autonomy and preparing for that intellectual federation which the Renaissance secured.

Speaking broadly, then, the work performed during the Middle Ages was the creation of new nationalities, with new languages, new political and religious conceptions, and a new system of international relations. In other words, the proper *milieu* for a new civilisation was prepared. Whenever and wherever this reconstructive process became self-conscious, there and then we perceive an effort to revive culture. This effort is always connected with a reversion to the classic past, a return to pagan positivism, a rebellion against ecclesiastical tradition. It is strongly marked in Carl the Great's attempt to restore the Western Empire and a Roman type of education. It is felt in the Court and Castle life of Provence, in Frederick II.'s dream of urbane and mundane

civility, in the songs of the Goliardi and the lyrics of the Minnesingers. But though the *milieu* was being gradually formed, it took long before any one nation gained sufficient wealth and ease, sufficient knowledge of its mental aims, to start Europe upon that process which we call the Renaissance. At one time it appeared as though the performance of this task might devolve on Southern France. But the Church extirpated Provençal heresy, and the culture of Provence expired in the flames which swallowed up her martyrs. The Sicilian Court of Frederick II. was the inheritor of Provençal culture; and here the ideal of secular, as opposed to ecclesiastical, civility struck deep roots. When this ideal was transplanted to the University of Bologna and the city of Florence the destinies of the Renaissance, of the rebirth of civilisation, were secured.

That reversion to the classical tradition which I have indicated as a sign of all the earlier efforts after the Renaissance, and which is usually known as the revival of learning, now took place in earnest. The four greatest Italian writers of the fourteenth century, Dante, Villani, Petrarch, Boccaccio, all stood in a double and peculiar relation to the ancients. With more or less of conscious impulse they interrogated the classic Græco-Roman oracles. Dante chose Virgil for his guide; Villani declared that the Ruins of Rome inspired him to write his *Chronicle;* Petrarch made a saint of Cicero, a friend of Varro; Boccaccio attempted to revive the study of Greek literature. But this was not all. They assimilated the spirit of the ancients. First among modern men, they aimed at making monumental work in literature, work with clear thoughts, definite form, organic cohesion, marked individuality. Mediæval as may be the tone and contents of the Divine Comedy, it is classical in its perfection of self-conscious art. The same may be said about Petrarch's *Canzoniere*, where the psychology of love, treated diffusely and spontaneously by the Provençal, is wrought into a piece of studied self-analysis. The same may be said about Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, where the narrative and romances of previous centuries are transmuted by a magic wand into a single *Comédie Humaine*. The same may be said about Villani's *Chronicle*, which is the first specimen of European history, as distinguished from the annals of some convent or the life of some saint. In each and all of these works the free spirit of man, the shaping intellect of the individual artist, is born again beneath the ribs of mediæval death.

Italy was the soil upon which the Renaissance, or the rebirth of

civilisation in altered forms, had to be accomplished. The Italians owed their primacy among the nations to the peculiar condition under which they flourished in the Middle Ages. Separated from the Eastern Empire, except by a few weak links, Italy had not shared the decrepitude of Byzantium. She joined the sisterhood of Occidental nations by subjection to the yoke of Ostrogoths and Lombards; yet Italy never submitted wholly to the feudal system, and remained comparatively untouched by the spirit of chivalry. The Italians were therefore ready to revive the positive and plastic genius of the antique world. They had another advantage in the fact that Rome remained the head seat of Western Christendom. It was the Papal see; and when that phantom of the Empire reappeared, Rome became the city of Cæsar's coronation, and Italy the garden of his domain. To their Papal and Imperial overlords the Italians owed no debt of gratitude for good government and wholesome discipline. What they practically gained by growing up under this dual headship was municipal independence, the restless, combative, commercial life of Lombard and Tuscan communes. Their political independence and material prosperity rendered them precocious in the struggle after higher intellectual conditions of existence. They possessed special opportunities for reuniting with antiquity. On Italian soil the connection with the Roman past was still unbroken. The language retained more than any other of the Latin speech. The cities bore high sounding names of former greatness. The land was adorned with majestic monuments of classical architecture. Under the cloak of Teutonic customs, the Italians remained Roman in their sympathies.

It is clear, I think now, why that peculiar hybrid of history which we term the Renaissance, that blend between Paganism and Christianity, that reversion of Western Europe to the Mediterranean basin for the stimulation of its spiritual forces, could not have been produced on any ground more propitious to its growth than the Italian peninsula. The Renaissance had to take place. Every step in evolution is inevitable. It needed what we may call an Eurasian *milieu*—a mixed race—for its development. This was found in the Italians. As the Hebrews were called and chosen for one service in the ancient world, the Greeks for another, so in like manner were the Italians, in the fourteenth century, summoned and selected to create the mental condition under which everybody of our blood and breed is living now.

The mediæval genius did not lack audacity or vigour. It was powerfully constructive; sometimes volcanic in rebellion; sometimes

lawless in brute impulse. It had the qualities which belong to organisms in the process of evolution—nebulous masses condensing into planets, nomadic races not yet settled. Former schools of historians talked about the Dark Ages, and deplored the barbarism of the Middle Ages. These were schools trained in the new learning, schools which still existed in the transitional period of the Renaissance, schools which had not properly merged into the science of the modern world. We know now that the Middle Ages were turbulently, energetically vital, engaged in the development of organisms. When the day arrived for those organisms, the modern nations with their languages, to clothe themselves with culture as a garment, to coalesce in common intellectual sympathies, to superadd the enjoyments of the spirit upon the necessities of social integration, then the hour for the Renaissance had struck. And then the eldest of the European nations, the one which, in spite of all change, kept nearest to the past, was bound to take the foremost part in that re-welding of the newer to the older stock of mind, that reconstitution of humanity self-conscious as a vital integer, which is the main outcome of the period we deal with. A common medium of communication was needed, and that was found in Latin.

At last—and this seems to me the most important fact in the history of the Renaissance—a proper *milieu* was formed in Italy. That *milieu* enabled the modern nations to link their new life with the old life of past ages, and to found a solid basis for the mental progress of our race.

It was just at this point that the revival of learning intervened, and determined the course of the Renaissance. Mediæval students possessed and handled a considerable portion of the Latin classics, although Greek had become a dead language for the Western nations. But these students had no real insight into antique literature. Between their minds and the text of poet or historian there hung veils of mysticism and vapour of misapprehension. Petrarch first opened a new method in scholarship, and revealed what we denote by humanism. Petrarch's services to modern culture, his prominent position as the inaugurator of the new learning, have been obscured by his fame as the poet of *Vaucluse* and *Laura*. Works of pure art awake more passionate attention than labours of the learned brain, and one good sonnet has a better hope of immortality than histories or cyclopædias. Still, Petrarch, when he rated his rhymes in the Italian language poorly in comparison with his rhetorical contributions to knowledge, had a just sense of the real situation. His influence as a scholar, the curiosity he stimulated by his

Latin writings, the breath of life he breathed into the classics, started the Italians upon their exploration and resuscitation of the past. He taught them to see clearly and to feel truly. He gave that touch on intellectual things, that liberal and human view, that sympathy with stones that speak and manuscripts that are a fount of tears, which were wanting to the Middle Ages. At Petrarch's instigation, Boccaccio learned Greek, and compiled those topographical and biographical collections, which deserve to be called our first dictionaries of antiquities. Following in their steps, the students of the fifteenth century collected manuscripts, travelled to Constantinople, founded libraries, and lectured in the Universities of Italy. It gives me pleasure to pay this tribute to Petrarch, who was really the founder of the new learning. We must look across the centuries from him to Goethe before we find another man of genius who was at one and the same time the greatest poet of his generation and the divining spirit of a new age of culture for humanity.

For the men of the Renaissance, humanism, or the new learning, occupied much the same place as science does now. It was the channel of their liveliest ideas, the medium of their highest training. Their most strenuous activity of intellect was then devoted to scholarship. This may strike us as anomalous. During five centuries the products of erudition have been absorbed and assimilated by the European mind. The modern arts and literatures have created masterpieces which in extent and excellence compare well with those of antiquity. Scientific have succeeded to literary problems. Mechanical inventions, inquiries into the structure of the universe, speculations upon the nature of the world, the origin of man, attract a keener interest than those studies which were very properly denominated the more humane, *humaniora.* Yet, as we shall presently observe, humanism was a necessary prelude to science, and scientific methods owe their existence to the critical spirit generated by scholarship.

It is difficult, I repeat, to understand the passion for scholarship at the time of the revival. We begin to comprehend it, however, when we reflect that in scholarship lay what Michelet so aptly termed the discovery of man and of the world. The new learning involved a vivid sense of historical continuity, of the unity of the human race. Studying the poets, philosophers, or orators of antiquity, modern men regained a belief in the dignity and vigour of the human intellect. It was no longer possible to pretend that mankind lay under a curse, or that God's

handiwork in nature had been ruined by the malignity of an evil spirit. The brilliancy and weight of the classics contrasted strangely with the obscurity and feebleness of mediæval thought. Pagan antiquity appealed more strongly to the reason and the imagination than did the Fathers and the schoolmen. The poverty and vagueness of monastic literature became grotesque beneath the clear light beaming from the flawless forms of Greek and Roman art. This contact of the modern with the antique mind was not only startling, but stimulating and quickening at the same time. It involved a long and arduous effort of the brain and will, which, carried on through several generations, acted like a powerful gymnastic. First came the labour of accumulation. Every corner of Europe and the East was ransacked for manuscripts. These were purchased, transcribed, placed in private libraries. Then followed the labour of interpretation. Provided as we are with commentaries, encyclopædias, all sorts of aids to knowledge, we cannot comprehend the difficulties presented to these pioneers of learning by the Greek philosophers, the Greek historians, by Athenæus, Lucian, Aristophanes. They had to store their memories with the whole of classical literature in order to elucidate a single author. What was more, they had to wrestle with defects in their own intelligence. Owing to the humanistic tradition, which has now lasted through five centuries of sustained investigation, it is comparatively easy for us to enter into the thought of Plato, to put ourselves at the point of view of Lucretius, to know what Sophocles or Pindar was aiming at in art. Imagine how enormous the task must have been for a Filelfo, a Poggio, a Beccadelli—struggling with languages imperfectly acquired, dazzled by the flood of light poured suddenly upon their intellectual dungeon, imbued with the misty fancies and puerile conceptions of the Middle Ages! It is no wonder that in the first stage humanism should have been uncritical and credulous, slow to distinguish the successive periods of antique literature, imperfectly sensitive to differences of style. Far more amazing is the shrewdness of intuition displayed by men like Ficino, Pico, Valla, than their not infrequent lapses into error.

This first stage was also the period in which chairs of literature, as distinguished from the elder arts and faculties, began to flourish in the universities and schools of Italy. The professors of the new learning attracted larger audiences, and commanded higher pay, than the doctors of divinity or law. Those subjects still remained in mediæval gloom. The light of the revival radiated from expounders of classical poets and

orators. These men possessed the secret of the new method, the magic of the new revelation. In the absence of printed books, erudition had to be orally disseminated. The professor became a vagrant, passing from town to town, dictating his lectures upon Cicero in one place, his lectures on Herodotus in another, repeating the same course in each new town where learning flourished, and leaving on his track a multitude of notes accumulated by thousands of more or less intelligent listeners. This was the way in which learning and the passion for antiquity were diffused by men like Filelfo and Chalcondylas. The earliest folio edition of a Juvenal or Martial, where the poet's text is embedded in a vast morass of commentary, gives a good notion of their professorial methods.

The second stage involved a classification and sifting of the now accumulated materials. Public libraries were founded. Style received a more particular attention. Greek authors were translated into Latin and Latin authors into Italian. Scholars of the magnitude of Poliziano emerged—men, that is to say, who combined the multifarious erudition of their predecessors with good taste, facility in handling both the learned languages, and some amount of critical discrimination.

The third stage was emphatically the period of printing. It is one of the mysteries of what we call the Renaissance, that just when the modern nations were rousing themselves from sleep, and the modern spirit was starting on its tireless course, that mechanical invention, the printing press, stole silently into existence. Another mystery of dissimilar but cognate nature is the discovery of the New World. The printing press has universalised knowledge and rendered thought imperishable. The discovery of the New World has opened the whole globe, dispersed knowledge over every continent, fused all the branches of the human race in a community of intercourse. We may be optimistic or pessimistic, sanguine or despairing, with reference to these things. In neither case can we shut our eyes to the extraordinary fact that during the last year of the fifteenth century the press began to work and the furthest oceans became accessible. The course of history may be traced, but cannot be criticised. The invention of printing and the circumnavigation of the globe were both necessary to the development of the modern world as this has actually taken place. And both happened simultaneously in the prime of the Renaissance period.

With the printing, publishing, and translation of the Greek and Roman classics, the revival of learning, in the strict sense of that term,

came to a conclusion. Its effects, however, were far-reaching, and humanism had by no means ended its career. In the first place, criticism emerged from scholarship, through the elucidation of authors, the settlement of texts, and the comparison of manuscripts. Criticism began immediately to act upon ecclesiastical tradition and on dogma. Lorenzo Valla shattered the false pretensions of the Roman See; Biblical studies portended a revolution in religious ideas. Criticism began to act on received political notions. The analytical science of history, the study of man as a political being, was inaugurated by Machiavelli. Criticism began to act upon the mediæval conceptions of the universe. Copernicus dethroned Ptolemy, and made the sun the centre of our system. What that implied is only too apparent. Criticism, again, began to act upon metaphysical orthodoxy. It violently invaded the stronghold of Thomas Aquinas. With Pomponazzo, it called the immaterial nature of the human soul in question. With Telesio, it declared that philosophy rested upon physics. Bruno blazed meteorically out upon the heavens of thought with his sublime prophecy of evolution, cosmic unity, God imminent in the universe. Humanism, in fact, by creating criticism, had prepared the birth of science. After studying man as a social and moral being, it was beginning to study the material world and man as part of the sidereal system.

In this process of intellectual expansion lies the real essence of the Renaissance. I need not engage your attention on the development of arts and letters in the modern world. It follows, as a matter of course, that, the process being so spiritually energetic, it affected all regions of mental activity. The fine arts were the first to feel the re-awakening impulse. This was natural, since art is largely sensuous. Poetry, pure thought, experimental science, speculation, followed.

There is a movement, subordinate to the Renaissance, and distinctly derived from the revival of learning, which cannot be omitted from our survey. I mean, of course, the German Reformation. Politically, the importance of the Reformation can hardly be exaggerated. The history of Europe before the Revolution turns upon the Reformation. Intellectually it also has undoubtedly great value. I think, however, that this has been over-estimated, especially by writers on the philosophy of history, like Hegel, who had not perceived the right relation of the Reformation to the Renaissance. We ought to regard the former as a manifestation of the critical or sceptical spirit generated by the latter. It was a product of humanism upon soil congenial to religious inquiries

and theological disputes. The leading German scholars, Reuchlin, Melancthon, Erasmus, imbued themselves with the new learning in Italian universities. Their criticism, unlike that of a Valla or a Pomponazzo, did not confine itself to the exposure of frauds and the sapping of popular beliefs. It attempted to revive the Gospel, and disputed the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs over human souls. It involved a negation of tradition and authority, an appeal to the naked reason of the individual, a revolt against the system of mediæval society. The schism in Western Christendom occasioned by this revolution and the reaction (called the Counter-Reformation) which its anarchical tendencies educed must be regarded as the Teutonic contribution to the Renaissance in general. It is impossible to dissociate the German Reformation from the movement of the modern mind set going by humanism. I recognise the practical utility of regarding the Reformation as an isolated process —partly because it involved political interests with which the Renaissance was not primarily concerned, and partly because it exercised the energies of the Northern as distinguished from the Southern Europeans. Still, when the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries after Christ comes to be written at the distance of another thousand years, the Reformation will certainly be treated as one movement in the emancipation of the modern mind from mediævalism. That emancipation is Renaissance.

South of the Alps the new learning produced no religious or ecclesiastical revolution. It developed the positive and sceptical spirit which seems native to the Latin race ; but it did not invade ritual or dogma. The Renaissance in Italy deserved to be called pagan. Its characteristic products were the cynical philosophy of Machiavelli, the irony of Ariosto, the worldliness of Leo X., the effrontery of Aretino, the splendid sensuality of princely and papal courts. Only a few rare natures, among whom Contarini, Valdes, Carnesecchi, Flaminio stand foremost, were led by scholarship to Biblical criticism and evangelical opinions. They earnestly desired a reform of doctrine and of manners within the pale of the Church. But it is improbable that their views would have penetrated society even had they been left unopposed. This was destined not to be. Luther's revolt provoked what is called the Catholic Reaction or the Counter-Reformation. The Holy Office extirpated such feeble germs of heresy as might have taken root in Italy. The intellectual movement of the Renaissance received a check, just when humanism was passing into its final stage of philosophy and

science. Bruno and Campanella were martyrs to their metaphysical opinions. The Tridentine Council condemned Italy to formal orthodoxy and to mental stagnation.

In promoting the Catholic reaction Spain took a decisive part; at home by the persecuting zeal of the Inquisition; throughout Europe by the militant energy and busy propaganda of the Jesuits. It would be inaccurate to affirm broadly that the Iberian races did not share in the culture of the Renaissance. The prose of Cervantes, the drama of Calderon, the epic of Camoens, the painting of Velasquez, suffice to prove the contrary. Yet, considered as factors in the total process I am striving to review, Spain and Portugal were conspicuous mainly by reacting against those mental and moral forces which had been set free by humanism.

The case was different with France. Early in the history of the Revival the French and the Italians came into collision, when Charles VIII. invaded Naples. During the next two reigns they were always at war in Lombardy. In the fourth reign, Henri II. placed an Italian princess on the throne. Catherine de Medicis gave three kings, her sons, to the French nation. These external circumstances brought France into close and sustained relation with the Italian Renaissance. A school of humanism was formed at Paris upon Italian principles. The Etiennes vied with the Aldi in publishing classical authors. The printers of Lyons pirated each new edition issued by the press of Florence and of Venice. Casaubon, Dolet, Muret, the Scaligers carried on the work of criticism, just when worthy successors to Poliziano were dying out in Italy. The vulgar literature assumed an Italian complexion with Ronsard, Marot, Amyot. Florentine painters, sculptors, and metal workers decorated the palaces of Fontainebleau and Blois. The genial architecture of the chateaux on the Loire felt, though it was not dominated by, Italian influence. Next to Italy France undoubtedly contributed most to the Renaissance as distinguished from the Reformation. It so happened, however, that humanistic studies assumed here, as they assumed in Germany, a decidedly theological complexion. While the Court was Italianated in the worst sense of that word, while the Medicean Valois stimulated the Catholic Reaction by their Machiavellian massacres and murders, the Huguenot movement was gathering force from the new learning. The French Renaissance produced Rabelais, Henri III., Montaigne, and Calvin. The mere juxtaposition of these names has an air of paradox—so diverse are the types, so different the

sympathies implied by them. Indeed, the most interesting aspect of French history upon the close of the sixteenth century is the vehement collision of Renaissance, Reformation, and Catholic Reaction, which kept the nation in perpetual unrest. Never was that vivid spirit of the Gallic race in fermentation more profound, in convulsion more volcanic.

England has always felt the waves of European revolution after their first violence subsided. This holds true of the period we are now considering. Notwithstanding Chaucer and Wycliff, true precursors of Renaissance and Reformation, it cannot be laid down that England joined the intellectual movement of the Revival until about the year 1536. At that date, when King and Parliament proclaimed the Reformed Faith, humanism began to flourish on our island. The triumph of the Reformation was almost bloodless; its progress was only interrupted by the short reign of Mary. We English exerted and developed our strength as an united nation during the struggle with Spain, partly for supremacy upon the Western ocean, partly in repelling the forces of the Catholic Reaction. Contemporaneously with these events, our national genius displayed its vigour in the drama with Marlowe and Shakespeare, in the epic with Spenser, in philosophy with More and Bacon, in lyric poetry with Sidney and a host of charming singers. The splendour of what is called Elizabethan literature, extending from "the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth" through the reigns of James and Charles into the Commonwealth, its combination of purely national quality with all the wealth of the new learning, must be ascribed to the fact that we assimilated humanism after it had saturated Italy, Germany, and France. The culture created by the Revival had become an European possession before we felt its influence. The Renaissance was injurious in many ways to Italy. It substituted Latin and Greek for the vernacular. It checked and diverted the spontaneous evolution of a literature which began so energetically with Dante. It corrupted social morals by the pagan vices and ignoble manners of professed scholars who for several generations were the arbiters of taste and leaders of opinion. It fatigued the spirit of the race by that toilsome process of accumulation and assimilation which I have described. Even Art suffered by the confusion of Hellenic and Christian mythologies. The English, more fortunate, entered into the heritage of all these labours. They were able to criticise and compare, to reject the evil and to choose the good. Ascham's *Schoolmaster* is a book worthy of attentive study

from this point of view, as showing the discriminative spirit in which an English humanist surveyed the field displayed around him. Great scholars, in the sense in which we call Poliziano great, Erasmus great, the Scaligers great, were not produced by England. But we can point to men like Ben Jonson and Milton and Sir Thomas Browne, in whom the sterling qualities of the national character co-existed with sound learning and with literary gifts of the highest excellence.

The final outcome of the Renaissance was the formation of a common culture, a common intellectual atmosphere, a common currency of ideas for Europe. The mediæval conception of Western Christendom, united under the dual leadership of Pope and Emperor, had passed away. Separate nationalities were formed, and what happened first upon a smaller scale in Italy became the rule for the whole continent. The several parcels of Europe, like the several petty States of Italy, now existed under conditions of reciprocal attraction and repulsion. Equilibrium was maintained by balance of power. Political confederation was not, and is not yet, within the sphere of probabilities, although what has recently happened in Italy may in course of time take place upon the larger field of Europe. Meanwhile the intellectual association and communion which was generated by the Renaissance, which we owe to the Revival, has grown continually closer, more electrically subtle and pervasive. Beginning with common interests in humanism, based upon common literary and linguistic studies, it has broadened into common activity in science, into common researches after truth, into common receptivity of ideas. Through the art of printing and the exploration of the globe it is being gradually extended to all quarters of our planet. That Darwin's or Herbert Spencer's theories are discussed with the same intelligence in Europe and America, in Russia and the Antipodes; that a novel written by Tolstoi or by Zola travels round the world and stirs the common chord of human feeling in a score of sundered nations; that Wagner's music rings along Pacific and Atlantic and Australasian seashores—is due to what we call the Renaissance, to that awakening of the spirit which first took place in Italy five hundred years ago.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

EXPERIMENTS IN THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

BY thought-transference is meant the communication of ideas from one person whom we call the agent to another whom we call the percipient, otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense. The idea is, of course, not a new one. The hypnotic literature of the beginning and the middle of the century records frequent instances in which hypnotised persons have shown knowledge of ideas in the mind of the hypnotiser or of sensations experienced by him, under circumstances which make it very difficult to suppose that the knowledge was obtained by any form of suggestion through the senses. Systematic experiments carried on in our own day in America, France, Germany, and England—some with the percipient hypnotised and some with the percipient in the normal state—and published in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* and elsewhere, have still further tended to establish the reality of thought-transference. I cannot claim for my own experiments that they add in any important way to our knowledge of the subject; their value is merely that they add one more item of evidence to that already accumulated for the fact of thought-transference. But so long as that fact is so little recognised, so long as its relation to facts generally admitted by science is so little known, and so long as we know so little of its laws that we cannot produce it at will, even when we have found a suitable agent and percipient, the mere accumulation of evidence is in itself valuable; for it is by this that we must hope to convince the scientific world that there is a fact needing investigation, and so to obtain for it the widespread observation and study which must in time lead to its finding its appropriate place in the world as we know it.

The present experiments have been conducted by myself, in conjunction at first with Professor Sidgwick, and afterwards with my friend Miss Alice Johnson. They have in the main been carried on with percipients in the hypnotic state, and Mr. G. A. Smith has co-operated with us as hypnotiser and generally as agent throughout. After some three

weeks of failure with several subjects, we first succeeded with a young man—W.—who had been hypnotised by Mr. Smith on three previous occasions only. He declined to give us any further opportunity for experimenting with him. But this success led to renewed efforts with P. and T., two young clerks whom Mr. Smith had very frequently hypnotised and with whom some of the late Mr. Gurney's work in hypnotism had been done. Previous attempts to obtain thought-transference with them had always failed, but now we succeeded; perhaps because Mr. Smith gained confidence through his success with Mr. W.—if I may hazard a conjecture in a matter so obscure.

The experiments were made in the following manner. One of us drew a number out of a bag containing all the numbers from ten to ninety inclusive, and handed it to Mr. Smith with due precautions to prevent the percipient, even should his eyes be open, from seeing it. Mr. Smith looked at the number and tried to transfer it to the percipient, but without speaking. In the meanwhile, the other experimenter, not knowing the number, and having been put into communication (*en rapport*) with the hypnotised percipient, carried on the necessary conversation and noted down his remarks. A full account of the earlier experiments, carried out in 1889, has been published in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. VI., p. 128, and I need only describe here as an illustration a set of experiments on one of the most successful days. I was not myself present on that day; the experimenters were Professor Sidgwick and Mr. Wingfield. P. was the percipient, and Mr. Smith sat in front of him some feet off and screening the number from him while P. lay back in his chair hypnotised and with closed eyes. Four numbers were thus successively looked at, and two of them successfully named by P. At this point it occurred to the experimenters that a newspaper thrown over the percipient's head and face would more completely exclude any possibility of indications reaching him through the eye. This was accordingly done, and P., under these conditions, immediately guessed seven double numbers rightly in succession; he was wrong, however, in the eighth.

The experiments of 1889 left us with no doubt as to the possibility of the transference with our agent and percipient in the same room, but we had very little success with the agent outside the room. Moreover, towards the end of the time the success, which had been throughout variable, failed altogether, and both P. and T. seemed almost to lose their power of divining the numbers, whether Mr. Smith was in the room

with them or not. This I am inclined to attribute to weariness caused by repetition of the experiments. At first the percipients used to be interested and excited about them, but this interest naturally could not be kept up through four hundred and ninety-three trials, which is the number we made with P. during this first period. The suggestion that the wearisome sameness of the experiments was in part at least the cause of the failure is to some extent supported by the fact that P. seemed to have recovered his power some eight months later.

We were, however, extremely anxious to succeed with agent and percipient in different rooms; both in order to exclude more completely the possibility of unconscious indications reaching the percipient through the ear—though this appeared to us, for reasons explained at length in the paper already referred to, a highly improbable explanation of the phenomena—and also because we wished if possible to ascertain what the effect of distance might be. Fortunately in January, 1890, we were able to secure the assistance as percipient of a Miss B., with whom we had only experimented on two previous occasions. She was for this purpose a better subject than either P. or T.

After one or two preliminary experiments, we tried without further delay whether we could get any result with agent and percipient in different rooms separated by a closed door. Miss B. was hypnotised and I was put *en rapport* with her, and told her when to look out for a number and noted her answers. I was wholly ignorant of the number myself, and therefore nothing I said could afford her any help to correct guessing. Mr. Smith and Miss Johnson went into a room below and, Miss Johnson having drawn a number of two digits out of a bag as before, Mr. Smith looked at it and mentally tried to transfer it to Miss B. I gave a signal with a small hand-bell when each experiment was to begin and when each guess had been made. The distance between agent and percipient in a straight line was about ten feet. On this first evening we made eight trials and the amount of success was very promising, though we improved upon it on subsequent evenings. A culmination of success was arrived at on January 12th, when Miss B. named quite correctly nine numbers out of thirty-three, and named the first digit right in thirteen others. On this evening, in the last twelve guesses, which formed a separate set,—Miss B. having, in the meantime, been awakened and re-hypnotised,—she was quite right six times out of the twelve, and guessed the first digit right in three other cases.

The numbers were drawn from a bag containing all the numbers

from ten to ninety inclusive, eighty-one in all, so that the most probable number of successes by pure chance was one in eighty-one. It is therefore enormously improbable that the above result was due to chance; and the improbability is enhanced when we consider the whole series of trials we made with Miss B., namely, one hundred and forty-eight, out of which twenty were complete successes, and sixty-six others partial successes, one of the digits being right. These trials were made in the rooms occupied by Mr. Smith. Seventy-one other trials under similar conditions were made in my lodgings, with the result of seven complete successes, and thirty-one guesses in which one digit was right. The distance between agent and percipient at my lodgings was somewhat greater than at Mr. Smith's rooms, varying from 12ft. to about 16ft.

Miss B.'s power of guessing, to an extent scarcely explicable by chance, numbers thought of by a person from 10ft. to 16ft. distant from her, and separated from her by a closed door, seems therefore to be clearly established. But having settled this, we hoped to get further still and succeed with agent and percipient still more completely divided from each other, either by two closed doors and intervening passage, or, still better, by being in two separate buildings. We spent much time in trying to accomplish this, but our efforts have, so far, been unsuccessful. We cannot with certainty give reasons for this failure any more than we could for the difficulty, subsequently overcome, in effecting the transfer when agent and percipient were in separate rooms. The distance may be a real obstacle, or it may operate merely through the imagination of agent or percipient by destroying their confidence of success, or the greater tedium of experiment carried on at a distance may have had a bad effect.

It may be mentioned that both P. and T., as well as Mr. Smith, were successful as agents with Miss B., but neither Miss Johnson nor I seemed to be of any use in that capacity, though we, perhaps, had some slight success with T. as percipient. Professor Barrett, of the College of Science, Dublin, having on one occasion hypnotised T., had also some slight success with him. T was of no use for experiments with the agent in another room, and P.'s success under these circumstances was small.

We had the opportunity of experimenting a few times with three other men—men who had been travelling as paid subjects of a hypnotiser, who had been giving entertainments in Brighton. With two of these, Whybrew and Adams, we succeeded, to some extent, in the

transference of numbers with agent and percipient in the same room, and should probably have succeeded with the other had we gone on, but only a few trials of this particular kind were made with any of them.

Our percipients generally, though not always, had some impression, even when they did not get the right one; but the mode in which they received their impressions was varied on different occasions, according to our suggestions. At first we told them, as they sat with their eyes closed, that they would see a number put up in front of them, and that they were to look out for it. Accordingly, the impression, whether right or wrong, came to them in this way, and they would speak of the numbers as distinct or indistinct, of their developing slowly, disappearing, &c., just as though they saw them. It was, in fact, a hallucination, if a visual impression received with closed eyes can be so called; or perhaps we might apply to it Kandinsky's term, "Pseudo-hallucination."

On other occasions we developed the impression into a complete, fully-fledged hallucination. We told the percipients that numbers would appear on cards which were placed in their hands, Mr. Smith previously opening their eyes. They were in this state less deeply hypnotised than when their eyes were closed, though still under hypnotic influence. The numbers—right or wrong—developed themselves for the percipient on the card, and they clearly saw them, and could trace them for us if we asked them to do so. Another method was by automatic writing. We placed the percipient's hand on a little board, to which a pencil was attached (a planchette), the pencil point resting on a sheet of paper. The percipient was then told that the planchette would write the numbers thought of by Mr. Smith, but that he (or she) need not trouble himself about it; and we generally told him to look out for the numbers in the ordinary way, and tell us what he saw at the same time. The results varied remarkably with different percipients. In Miss B.'s case, the numbers of which she consciously had a visual image, and those which she was unconsciously writing, were usually different, whether either of them was right or no. With P. there was more often some connection between the two numbers, such as their having the same digits in reverse order; but they were rarely the same. T., on the other hand, frequently wrote unconsciously the same number that he consciously guessed. A variation on this plan of automatic writing was made by placing the percipients' hands on a small table, and telling them that this would tilt out the numbers, which it similarly did irrespective of what they were, at the same time, consciously guessing. In some of

the successful experiments with agent and percipient in different rooms, Miss B. was not hypnotised at all, but merely placed her hands on a table which tilted out the numbers. According to her own account, she had during this process the ordinary illusion of persons making automatic movements; namely, that the table was moving her hand and not her hand the table.

We seemed to gain something in the way of much needed stimulus by varying the mode of receiving the impression as I have described, but came to no conclusion as to whether one method was on the whole more successful than another.

I pass on to experiments in transferring ideas other than numbers—of which the most successful were in the transference of mental pictures. The percipient, hypnotised, but with eyes open, was given a blank card on which he or she was told that a picture would appear. Then the subject of the picture, chosen at the moment by Miss Johnson or myself, was communicated to Mr. Smith in writing, who tried, without as a rule saying anything after he knew the subject of the picture, to make the percipient see it on the card; or sometimes we dispensed with the card and made the percipient see the picture with closed eyes. The first time we tried this kind of experiment the subject chosen was a little boy with a ball. Mr. Smith sat close to Miss B., but neither spoke nor touched her. She presently said, "A figure is coming—a little boy." I asked what he had in his hand, and Miss B. replied "A round thing, a ball I suppose."

In these experiments we found it generally necessary to question the percipients in order to draw out from them the information as to what they were seeing. (They generally saw some picture, though it was often quite wrong.) It is obviously desirable that this questioning, and also the noting down of the percipient's remarks, should if possible be done by someone ignorant of the idea to be transferred, so as to avoid leading questions and unintentional suggestions or bias in the record. I select the following among cases where these conditions were strictly observed.

The percipient was Whybrew, one of the men I have spoken of as guessing numbers with success; the idea to be transferred—a man with a barrow of fish—was chosen by me, and Miss Johnson carried on the conversation and took the notes. Neither Mr. Smith (who acted as agent) nor I talked at all. Whybrew said, "It's the shape of a man—yes, there's a man there, don't know him—he looks like a bloke that sells

strawberries—that looks like his barrow there—I can't see anything on his barrow—perhaps he's sold out—there ain't many—a few round things—I expect they're fruit. They look a bit red—aren't they fish?—it don't look very much like fish. If they're fish some of them haven't got any heads on—barrow is a bit fishified—it has a tray on—what colour are those things on the barrow? They looked red, but now they look silvery." These remarks were not made consecutively, but in answer to Miss Johnson's questions, which have not been recorded.

In another case, tried with the same care, the subject was a snake with forked tongue out. Miss Johnson, who had selected the subject, and Mr. Smith were this time divided from the percipient by a screen, while I talked to him. He sat with closed eyes and, after a momentary impression of a man with an ice-cream barrow, he said, "I just thought I could see a snake—I can see it now still—something like a snake-charmer there playing with it—isn't afraid of it a bit. I'm not going to say this is it yet, because I saw the ice-cream barrow just now. It seems a most silly thing to see a snake after an ice-cream barrow—but that went and this stays longer"—and after a pause—"It's still there."

The development of these pictures was often curious. Sometimes the idea and sometimes the form or colour would strike the percipient first, and sometimes his own fancy would work on the first impression, leading him astray. The addition of the charmer to the snake in the experiment just described was an instance of this misleading imagination: and so was a case in which, the subject being a choir boy, P. saw somebody dressed up in white, and then concluded that it was a ghost with hands held up in a conventional ghostly attitude. One of our percipients—Adams, who had succeeded with number guessing—was so run away with by his fancy in attempting to divine mental pictures that the true idea seemed to have no chance of getting into the elaborate pictures which he described. Possibly this may have been owing to our having first tried with him with agent and percipient in different rooms. He may thus have got at once into a wrong attitude of mind as regards these pictures.

We have an instance of form preceding the conscious interpretation of it when, the subject being a sandwich man—a man carrying advertisements about the streets— P. saw first something like a letter V upside down, then a head at the top of it, and finally identified it as a man who goes about the streets with two boards. But though it was the form that first came into his consciousness, it was not the form as Mr.

Smith was imagining it, for he was not thinking of the man in profile. Similarly it was the form that emerged gradually into consciousness when—the subject being a man on horseback—Whybrew first saw what might be the lower part of two legs, then another pair of legs, then perceived that it was a horse, and finally that there was a man riding it.

A very interesting case of slow development occurred early in our experiments of this kind with Miss B. The subject was a Christy Minstrel with a banjo. After some time Miss B. said she saw on her card a black hand. This seemed a partial success, but at this point we had to wake the percipient to find out when she had to leave. Finding that there was a little time to spare she was re-hypnotised, and another subject—a sailing boat—chosen. Nothing at all had been said by us about the Christy Minstrel; great, therefore, was our surprise when Miss B. saw "A man—black—with an instrument in his hand—a guitar sort of thing." This, after the awaking and re-hypnotising, and when Mr. Smith had begun to think of another subject, was very unexpected.

Miss B. on another occasion had her hand on a planchette while an experiment of this sort was being made. The subject was a cow being milked by a dairy-maid. Miss B. saw—she told us—a buffalo, while the planchette wrote "cow."

As an instance of an impression received, apparently complete without any development, I may describe the first experiment of the kind which we tried with another man named Major. It was not tried under the best conditions, for Mr. Smith was himself carrying on the conversation with him and was in contact with him, or at least with his chair. The subject was a mouse in a mouse-trap. Mr. Major was a somewhat pretentious person, both when hypnotised and when in the normal state, and anxious to convince us that he was a man of culture. So when told he was to see a picture, he asked whether it was an old master or a "pot-boiler," and on being told the latter talked about the subjects painted for "pot-boilers" for some time very contemptuously, but did not seem to see anything, and asked when this picture was to appear. Being told that it was actually there, he suddenly exclaimed, "Do you mean that deuced old trap with a mouse?" and expressed great contempt for the artist, who must, he said, have been "drawing for the ratsbane people."

I could multiply instances had I space and were it worth while; and here also a tale of many failures as well as successes would have to be told. The experiments of this kind when agent and per-

cipient were in different rooms were almost all complete failures. We tried, with occasional success, another form of this experiment, in which we gave one person—generally P.—by verbal suggestion, a hypnotic hallucination in the form of a picture on a card. He then took the card with, as he believed, the picture into another room, where another of our percipients—say Miss B.—was, and showed it to her. The object being to see if she would see a similar picture on the card without verbal suggestion, which she sometimes did. P. was instructed not to give her any information as to the subject of the picture, and, so far as we could judge, did not do so either intentionally or unintentionally, but it was of course necessary that he should be close to her, looking over the same card, and talking to her.

Before concluding I should like briefly to mention an extension of the late Mr. Gurney's experiments in producing anæsthesia and rigidity in particular fingers, in persons not entranced and ignorant as to which finger was going to be operated on. Mr. Gurney described the conditions under which these experiments were performed by him in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. V., p. 14, and discussed them as a possible indication of some specific physical influence in hypnotisation, at p. 254 of the same volume. In Mr. Gurney's experiments the person to be operated on passed his hands through a screen extending far enough in all directions to conceal them and Mr. Smith from his view, and spread out his ten fingers on a table in front of him. A finger having been selected without the knowledge of the subject, Mr. Smith held his hand above it, willing that it should be affected in the usual way—that is, become rigid and insensitive; and this with a suitable subject almost always occurred to that finger and that finger alone. The subject in the meanwhile talked or read, no effort or attention on his part being apparently necessary.

Our own experiments were conducted on a similar plan, but we found that with P., and to some extent with Miss B., we could succeed when a thick sheet of glass was placed above the hands, not touching them, and between them and Mr. Smith's. This confirms the view to which Mr. Gurney's experiments had already led him, that the suggestion producing the anæsthesia was not due to delicate perception of temperature or air currents. But we further succeeded with P. when Mr. Smith did not hold his hand near P.'s at all, but with folded arms merely looked at the finger which was to be affected; and this seems to carry us further, and to indicate the operation of mental suggestion, analogous

to that in the experiments of M. Richet and M. Pierre Janet and others, in hypnotisation at a distance. At the same time it must be admitted that we were unable to succeed when Mr. Smith was out of the room and unable to fix his attention on a finger actually there before him.

I think with Mr. Gurney that this form of experiment is likely to be a fruitful one if other experimenters can be persuaded to take it up, especially as with a suitable "subject" comparatively uniform success seems more attainable than in the transference of ideas such as numbers or pictures.

Probably for these finger experiments a good hypnotic subject is necessary, though it is not necessary that he should be hypnotised at the time. Thought-transference experiments, on the other hand, have succeeded with people who never have been hypnotised. At the same time the hypnotic trance seems to facilitate success; as one would, I think, expect, both from the greater isolation from disturbing influences and the greater freedom from any prejudice as to what is likely or not likely to occur, which that state affords.

It is mainly in the hope of interesting those who have opportunities of hypnotising in the subject of thought-transference that I have written this paper. I am well aware that in such a matter isolated experiments cannot easily obtain credence; it is easier to assume that there has been some mistake than to accept what is at present so unrelated to other known facts. This will cease to be the case when independent observers are sufficiently multiplied and when the laws governing the phenomenon are discovered; and my hope is that I may persuade some of those who have opportunities of hypnotising that it is worth while trying to obtain thought-transference,—notwithstanding that much patience may be required both before obtaining success and in tiding over the periods of failure after success has begun.

If it be true, as I believe, that communication can take place between mind and mind otherwise than through the senses, it is a fact of great scientific importance, however it may be explained and however it may be co-ordinated with the established results of scientific inquiry.

ELEANOR MILDRED SIDGWICK.

"BRIGHT EYES AND DARK EYES."

I HAVE long been in the habit of dividing my friends and acquaintances, nay, the whole human race, into two classes—people with bright eyes and people with dark eyes. By bright eyes I do not mean those kindly twinkling eyes which are often known as "Irish" eyes, nor do I mean by dark eyes the people who try to scowl you out of existence. I mean by bright eyes the people who seem to have eyes for all that is bright and good, and by dark eyes the people who see nothing but what is dark and bad. Of course, there is an intermediate class of well-balanced intellects, but they are the result of a long discipline, and I am speaking, at present, of natural dispositions only. Everyone will readily identify the men to whom I refer by dark eyes and bright eyes. If one walks with them through a picture gallery, the dark eyes see nothing in a Giotto but what is stiff and out of perspective; the bright eyes admire even the unsuccessful efforts of the devout painter, if only the thought and the intention were noble and good. If one takes them to a concert, the dark eyes delight in detecting every wrong note, the bright eyes are so absorbed in following the spirit of a symphony of Beethoven that not even a wrong note will ever disturb their rapture.

If one comes out of church, the dark eyes will talk at once of all the things that the preacher ought not to have said, while the bright eyes are sure to have discovered some grains of gold, even if hidden under a heavy heap of rubbish. We all know how often the same book is praised to the skies by one review, and trampled under foot by another. That again is due to the bright eyes or to the dark eyes of the reviewer, if not to something else to which we must not allude in public. Nowhere, however, can we observe the influence of the good or the evil eye more clearly than in the judgments passed on the various religions of the world. During the last sixteen years I have been engaged, in connection with some friends, in bringing out a large collection of translations of the sacred books of the East. Forty volumes are published and eight more

are to follow. Still this is only a drop in the ocean. In the numerous reviews which this collection of the sacred books of the East has elicited, the tendency of critics to see the dark or the bright side only has been very conspicuous. According to some, these sacred books deserved no translation at all. They were pronounced mere rubbish, of no earthly interest to anybody, nay, according to some theologians, even dangerous and offensive. According to other critics, however, they were treasures of primeval wisdom, full of truth and light, and not inferior to our own sacred books. It seems very difficult for the followers of any religion to admit a single weak point in their own sacred books, and equally difficult to admit anything true and good in the sacred writings of other religions. It is only a man so strongly grounded in his faith as St. Augustine was who could venture to say as he did that there was no religion which does not contain *some* truth—a confession all the more startling, if we consider by what religions St. Augustine found himself surrounded. Eastern philosophers looked upon what I call the bright eye, that is, the power of discovering what is good, even when it is hidden by what is vile and corrupt, as an almost divine gift, and Nizâmi, a Persian poet, who died 1180 A.D., tells an old parable to illustrate this belief.

"The Lord Jesus, when He walked on earth, once passed a market place. A dead dog lay on the road, dragged before the door of a house. A crowd had gathered round the dead beast, as vultures gather round a carcass. One said, 'My brain is quite overcome by the stench.' Another said, 'What is the use? The contents of the grave bring misfortune upon us!' Thus everyone sang his own song, full of loathing for the dead dog. But when the turn of the Lord Jesus came, He spoke without loathing, kindly from His kind heart. 'Look at the teeth,' He said, 'they are white like precious pearls!' This word made all who were present hot with shame, like shells glowing with fire." (Shells were burnt in the East for making mortar.)

It is only possible within the limits of a review article to quote a few very short extracts from the sacred books of the East. It is not asking very much when I ask my readers to look upon them at least as the white teeth of a dead dog, white teeth which in the bright eyes of divine love and wisdom may seem like precious pearls. If we except the Jewish and the Christian religions, there are but seven religions in the whole world which have preserved the sacred books on which they profess to be founded. They all come from the East; for whatever the

West may have done for us, the mother of all religions has been the East. These seven religions are:—(1) The religion of the Brâhmans. (2) The religion of the followers of Buddha. (3) The religion of the followers of Gina, the Gaizas. (4) The religion of the followers of Zarathushtra. (5) The religion of the followers of Confucius. (6) The religion of the followers of Laotze. (7) The religion of the followers of Mohammed.

Neither Greeks, nor Romans, nor Germans, nor Celts, nor Slavs have left us anything that deserves the name of sacred books. And the same applies to Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians.

I shall confine my short extracts to what may be called prayers addressed to the old deities by their worshippers. I leave it to my readers to find out whether it is possible for us to join in some of these devotional utterances. And first, an ancient Egyptian prayer to Amon, translated by Professor Le Page Renouf.

"I come to Thee, O Lord of the Gods, Who hath existed from the beginning, eternal God, Who hath made all things that are. Thy name be my protection; prolong my term of life to a good age: may my son be in my place (after me); may my dignity remain with him (and his) for ever, as is due to the righteous who is glorious in the house of his Lord.

"Who then art Thou, O my father Amon? Doth a father forget his son? Surely, a wretched lot awaiteth him who opposes Thy will, but blessed is he who knoweth Thee, for Thy deeds proceed from a heart full of love. I call upon Thee, O my father Amon! behold me in the midst of many people, unknown to me; all nations are united against me, and I am alone; no other is with me. My many warriors have abandoned me, none of my horsemen have looked towards me, and when I called them, none hath listened to my voice. But I believe that Amon is worth more to me than a million of warriors, than a hundred thousand horsemen and ten thousand of brothers and sons, even were they all gathered together. The work of many men is nought; Amon will prevail over them." This, after all, is not so very different in spirit from some of the Psalms of the Old Testament.

The next prayer is taken from the Veda, the sacred book of the Brâhmans, perhaps the oldest book in the world, and is addressed to a God called Varuna, who bears the same name as Ouranos in Greek: "Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of clay (the grave); have mercy, Almighty, have mercy! If I go along unsteady, like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy! Through

want of strength have I gone to the wrong shore: have mercy, Almighty, have mercy! Thirst came upon the worshipper, though he stood in the midst of the waters: have mercy, Almighty, have mercy! Whenever we men, O Varuna, commit an offence before the Heavenly host, whenever we break Thy law through thoughtlessness; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!" This is a very simple prayer, but it clearly shows a consciousness of sin, and a belief in divine mercy. These two ideas come out even more strongly in the next hymn, likewise addressed to Varuna: "Take away far from me this terror, O Varuna! O righteous king, have mercy on me! Like as a rope from a calf, remove from me my sin! For away from Thee I am not master even of the twinkling of an eye. Do not strike us, O Varuna, with weapons which at Thy will hurt the evil-doer. Let us not go where the light has vanished! Scatter our enemies that we may live!

"We did formerly, O Varuna, and do now, and shall in future also, sing praises to Thee, O mighty one. For on Thee, O unconquerable hero, rest all laws, immovable, as if established on a rock. Move far away from me all self-committed guilt, and may I not, O King, suffer for what others have committed! Many dawns have not yet dawned, grant us to live in them, O Varuna!"

Space will not permit me to give more extracts from the Veda, much as I should like to do so. The next prayer is from the Avesta, the sacred code of the Zoroastrians, the modern Parsis. "Blessed is he, blessed is everyone, to whom Ahuvamazda (Ormazd), ruling by his own will, shall grant the two everlasting blessings, health and immortality. For this very boon I beseech Thee. Mayest Thou through Thy angel of piety give me happiness, the good true things, and the possession of the good mind (the holy spirit). I believe Thee to be the best being of all, the source of light for the world. Everyone shall believe in Thee as the source of Light, in Thee, O Mazda, most beneficent Spirit! Thou hast created all good and true things by means of the power of Thy good mind always, and hast promised us a long life. I will believe Thee to be the powerful benefactor, O Mazda. For Thou givest with Thy hand, filled with supports, Thou Who art good to the righteous man as well as to the wicked, by means of the warmth of fire strengthening all good things. (For this reason the vigour of the good mind has fallen to my lot.) Thus I have believed in Thee, O Ahuvamazda! as the promoter of all that is good; because I beheld Thee to be the primæval cause of life in creation; Thou Who hast rewards for

deeds and words, hast given evil to the evil and good to the good. (I will believe in Thee, O Ahuva, in the last period of the world.) In whatever period of my life I believed in Thee, O Mazda, munificent spirit, in that Thou camest with wealth, and with the good mind, through whose actions our settlements thrive!" I cannot give any prayers from the Buddhist Scriptures, for the simple reason that prayers, in the usual sense of the word, or petitions addressed to the Deity, are not tolerated by the Buddhists. In the ancient sacred literature of China, also, we look in vain for real prayers. There is a common saying of Confucius which seems to express the general Chinese conception of the relation of men to God. "Reverence the spirits," he says, "but keep at a distance from them."

In more modern times, however, the Emperor is expected to address a prayer to the God of Heaven. I give a few extracts from it:—"To Thee, O mysteriously working Maker, I look up in thought. How imperial is the expansive arch where Thou dwellest. Thy servant, I am but a reed or a willow, my heart is but as that of an ant; yet have I received Thy favouring decree, appointing me to the government of the empire. Far distant here, I look up to Thy heavenly palace. Thy servant, I bow my head to the earth, reverently expecting Thy abundant grace. Thou hast vouchsafed, O God, to hear us, for Thou regardest us as a father. I, Thy child, dull and unenlightened, am unable to show forth my dutiful feelings. I thank Thee that Thou hast accepted the intimation. Honourable is Thy great name. With reverence we spread out these gems, and, as swallows rejoicing in the spring, we praise Thine abundant love!" For an Emperor of China this is very creditable. The next specimen is taken from a famous chapter from the Koran:—"God, there is no God but He, the living, the self-subsistent. Slumber takes Him not, nor sleep. He is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth. Who is it that intercedes with Him save by His permission? He knows what is before them and what behind them, and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases. His throne extends over the heavens, the earth, and it tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and great." The last extract shall be from a prayer that may be heard in India to the present day:—"Whatsoever has been made, God made. Whatsoever is to be made, God will make. Whatsoever is, God maketh—then why do any of you disquiet yourselves? I believe that God made men, and that He maketh everything. He is my friend. O foolish one, God is.

not far from you. He is near you. You are ignorant, but He knoweth everything, and is careful in bestowing. He that believeth not in the one God hath an unsettled mind; he will be in sorrow, though in the possession of riches: but God is without price. God is my clothing and my dwelling. He is my ruler, my body, and my soul. God ever fostereth His creatures, even as a mother serves her offspring and keepeth it from harm. O God, Who art the truth, grant me contentment, love, devotion, and faith. Thy servant prayeth for true patience, and that he may ever be devoted to Thee."

Surely our hearts ought to beat with joy whenever we meet with such prayers in the sacred books of the East. A sudden brightness seems to spread over the darkest valleys of the earth when we read them. We should learn from them that no human soul was ever quite forgotten, and that the rays of eternal truth can pierce even through the darkest clouds of superstition. I am quite aware how easy it is to find fault with these childish gropings, and how readily people join in a laugh when some strange and to us grotesque expression is pointed out in the ancient prayers of mankind. We know how easy it is to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, and nowhere is this more the case than in religion. Here, too, we want bright eyes, if we wish to understand the often childish language of religious devotion.

I shall quote in conclusion one more legend from a Persian poet, Jellâledîn, who lived about the same time as Nizami, from whom I quoted before the legend of the dead dog. He may perhaps teach those who come to scoff at the sacred books of the East to take off their shoes and pray, even in the temples of strange religions, for this, too, is holy ground. Jellâledîn was a true poet, a mystic poet, and one who had discovered for himself what was the deepest secret of all religions. This is the legend which he tells of Moses:—

Moses once heard a shepherd praying as follows: "O God, show me where Thou art, that I may become Thy servant. I will clean Thy shoes and comb Thy hair, and mend Thy coat, and fetch Thee milk." When Moses heard him praying in this senseless manner, he rebuked him, saying: "O foolish one, though your father was a Mussulman, you have become an infidel. God is a spirit, and needs not such gross ministrations as, in your ignorance, you suppose." The shepherd was abashed at his rebuke, and tore his garments and fled away into the desert. Then a voice from Heaven was heard saying: "O Moses, wherefore have you driven away My servant? Your office is to reconcile My people

with Me, not to drive them away from Me. I have given to each race different usages and forms of praising and adoring Me. I have no need of their praises, being exalted above all such needs. I regard not the words that are spoken, but the heart that offers them. I do not require fine words, but a burning heart. Men's ways of showing devotion to me are various, but so long as the devotions are genuine they are accepted." Here we see once more the meaning of bright eyes, of divine pity. We all are born with bright eyes, but as we grow older they are apt to grow dim and dull and dark. May my readers keep their eyes bright as long as they can. It is better to have trusted and to have been deceived than never to have trusted at all.

MAX MÜLLER.

THE RELATION OF GENERAL CULTURE TO PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.

THE advantages of general culture are denied only by those too ignorant to appreciate them; but its influence on professional success is not, I am disposed to think, so fully or so universally recognised by professional men as it ought to be. Indeed, some appear to imagine that there is a kind of incompatibility or mutual antagonism between wide culture and professional knowledge or skill. This view appears to be particularly entertained with respect to what I may term the more *technical* professions, as, for example, medicine and engineering, and hence one hears it constantly asserted, even by persons themselves not altogether destitute of culture, that the sooner a lad intended for such a career is set to acquire the knowledge and skill directly fitting him for the exercise of his calling the better. They do not, perhaps, go so far as to say that the less such a youth is encumbered "with mere literary instruction and education," as the severely practical founder of the Mason Science College at Birmingham somewhat contemptuously called it, the greater are his chances of achieving success in the business of his life, but it comes to much the same thing in reality. Of course, in many cases a lad has to be put with the least possible delay to the study of a profession by which he can earn his bread, for the all-sufficient reason that his family cannot afford the time or the money necessary for a complete preliminary education. Even among those, however, who cannot plead narrowness of means as an excuse, and who do not, like the late Sir Josiah Mason, regard "mere literary instruction and education" as a positive hindrance to the acquisition of more profitable knowledge, it is too often the case that general culture is neglected simply because it is looked upon as ornamental rather than useful. They are men who, like Mr. Gradgrind in *Hard Times*, pin their faith on what they call "solid facts," and have a healthy contempt for "elegant trifling." Milton, as a Cambridge mathematician is said to

have complained, "proves nothing." Plato does not tell us how to build a bridge, nor Cervantes how to draw a deed of conveyance.

Therefore, argues our "practical" man, though literature is all very well in its way, especially when money can be made by it, a man who has to prepare himself for a profession has no time for such things; they are pretty toys which must be thrown aside when the real work of life has to be faced. At best they may perhaps be allowed occasionally, like a visit to the theatre, for the amusement of an hour of leisure. I propose to attempt to show that what I may call the Gradgrind view of general culture is shortsighted and mischievous, even from the standpoint of mere utility, as it tends to make men neglect what can hardly fail to prove a most powerful help in whatever profession they adopt. In other words, I maintain that general culture, in addition to its higher claims on our respect, has a practical value for professional men which can scarcely be over-estimated.

In obedience to the precept of Locke, I will clear the ground by a definition of terms. What is general culture? Many use the expression as the antithesis to technical knowledge, and they are right as far as they go, but the definition is very inadequate. Some think culture synonymous with classical learning, others with a sort of superficial smattering of miscellaneous literature and art. Matthew Arnold, the great apostle who preached his gospel of culture in season and out of season to the Philistines, defined it as "the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world." Professor Huxley objects to this definition as onesided, inasmuch as it does not recognise science as an element of culture, whereas, he contends, science affords a "criticism of life" as valuable as literature, but of a different kind, appealing as it does, not to authority or to what anybody may have thought or said, but to fact. Huxley admits, however, that an exclusively scientific training will bring about a mental twist as surely as an exclusively literary training. Newman speaks of the cultivation of the mind as meaning "the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness, and the versatility of intellect, the command over our own powers, the just estimate of things as they pass before us, which sometimes, indeed, is a natural gift, but commonly is not gained without much effort and the exercise of years." These luminous words give the essence of the matter in a nut-shell. Culture is not the possession of a stock of facts or ideas, literary, scientific, artistic, or philosophical; it is a *condition* of the intellect, or rather of the whole microcosm, analogous to that state

of physical perfection which athletes strive to attain to by training. Culture implies strength, sureness, and flexibility of mind, and the development of all its faculties to the highest possible degree, so that they can be concentrated without difficulty on any subject that may present itself. A man of culture is not necessarily a giant in any particular sphere of intellectual effort, but he is a *potential* giant in many; he has the world of human activity at his feet, so to speak, and can bring the whole force of his trained mind to bear on any province thereof which he may select.

If this be the nature of culture, surely it is the very height of folly for anyone, however intolerant of anything which is not "practical," to decry it as useless. It is, on the contrary, the most distinctly *useful* attainment which a man can have, for it makes him master of himself and of all his intellectual resources; it teaches him to distinguish accurately what he knows from what he does not know; what he can do from what he cannot; it gives him powers and pleasures and sympathies which those who have not gone through a similar discipline know nothing of; it makes him a complete man, not a mere bread-winning machine. General culture, therefore, although not directly imparting the special knowledge required for the exercise of any profession, makes a man in the highest degree fit to receive it. He acquires it, too, at once more easily and quickly and more thoroughly than those whose faculties are, as it were, in a state of nature. Culture, in short, prepares the soil for any kind of seed that may be sown in it, and supplies the fructifying influence which makes it grow and ripen. To use the noble words of Milton, it fits a man "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Culture, therefore, being a condition of intellectual efficiency of mental health comparable to the state of bodily well-being when all the organs work harmoniously together, the practical question arises, how is this most desirable object to be attained? Culture is not an innate quality or a heaven-born gift; every man has to acquire it for himself by laborious and protracted effort. There is only one way of bringing the mind to full functional perfection, and that is by cultivation. Its different faculties must be disciplined and increased in power by exercise: in one word, they must be carefully *trained*. The two chief objects to be attained in intellectual training are *accuracy* and *breadth*. As for the *instruments* of culture, by which I mean the special studies which serve best for the acquisition of it, I confess I am strongly in

favour of the older discipline by means of which so many generations of men of the highest eminence, both in the world of thought and that of action, have been made what they were, namely, classical and mathematical studies. The mind that will not be made accurate by conscientious study of the close-linked chains of mathematical reasoning, and by minute analysis of the grammatical structure of the ancient languages, will hardly have its congenital deficiency remedied by any other means. It is this which makes classical studies so extraordinarily valuable, even though "small Latin and less Greek" remain as a permanent possession in after life. The *facts* themselves may be forgotten, but the mental vigour gained by striving to master them will not be lost. It is a vulgar error to despise the study of Greek and Latin as being nothing but a matter of *words;* language is very near akin to thought, and dissection of the one is an immense help towards the analysis of the other, which no one will deny to be an important element in mental training. Further, the study of words leads to an exact appreciation of their meaning and force, hence to scrupulous accuracy in the use of them. This is a very important matter indeed: care in the selection of words is a virtue closely connected with intellectual veracity; and the opposite defect has caused an infinite loss of time, vexation of spirit, and misunderstanding of all kinds, probably ever since "this foolish compounded clay man" could, with any approach to correctness, define himself as *animal rationale.* There is no surer mark of culture than a clear perception of the meaning of words with logical precision in using them.

Priceless, however, as classical literature is as an instrument of culture, it is neither all-sufficient nor indispensable. A man whose whole attention has been given to the ancient writers, however much he may appreciate their artistic beauty, is little better than a pedant, a condition which is absolutely incompatible with culture, as I understand it, that is to say, as a habit of mind the reverse of exclusive. If culture is a "criticism of life" it should include a knowledge of the "very form and pressure" of the age in which one lives; it is obvious that this cannot be got from the classics. Neither is ancient literature *indispensable* for culture, especially to those whose birthright gives them access to the writings of the many master minds in every order of thought and imagination who have expressed themselves in our own tongue. A man who cannot extract culture from Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Hume, Gibbon, Burns, Scott, Shelley, John Henry Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson,

Browning, and innumerable others, will certainly not profit any more by the profoundest study of the classical writers. Classical culture must always remain the privilege of the few who happen to have time or special opportunity, but the treasures of English literature are open to all Englishmen, and the possibilities of culture which they contain may compensate for exclusion from any other source.

While thus laying stress on literature as an instrument of culture, I would not have it supposed that I agree with those who deny that science may be advantageously used with the same object. On the contrary, I think it essential that scientific instruction shall form an integral part of every scheme of education. A culture that is purely literary or purely scientific is not worthy of the name. Culture is before everything catholic, and narrowness of any kind is incompatible with it. If it is important to know "the best that is thought and said in the world," it is just as necessary to realise, in the words of Huxley, "that Nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes, and that the chief business of mankind is to learn order and govern themselves accordingly."

A certain amount of artistic culture is within the reach of most persons, and should on no account be neglected. I believe that a much larger number of persons would possess real executive talent in art if in childhood preliminary instruction were given in technical matters, especially in drawing. The mere criticism of art is not sufficient, it tends to make a man a *dilettante*. For those, however, who do not possess any artistic faculty I would strongly recommend the learning of a handicraft. Artistic training develops the emotional side of a man's nature, which is sometimes weakened by the too exclusive cultivation of the intellectual powers, whilst the practice of a handicraft not only affords manual discipline, but it teaches habits of close observation, and the necessity for the greatest precision; it also makes a cultivated man more able to enter into sympathy with those whose hard lot necessitates unceasing manual toil. Goethe uttered a great truth when he said that no side of man's complex nature can be safely neglected; every faculty of the soul, the mind, and the body should be developed to the greatest possible extent, so that each man may attain the full power and dignity of his nature, realising the Greek ideal of the καλοκαγαθος—the beautiful and good man, or "gentleman," as Coleridge translates it.

Culture, however, is not to be got from books alone, nor, indeed, from solitary study of any kind. Books are, of course, indispensable: they

are the quarries from which the stones for the intellectual edifice are obtained. But the shaping and polishing are more effectively done by contact with other minds. There can be no doubt that a well-appointed university is the best place for acquiring culture. Not merely because instruction in every branch of knowledge may be got there, but because it is given by the voice of a living teacher, and sifted and refined by the criticism of many minds. A University education above all prepares a man for the business of life, by fitting him to deal with his fellow-men. To quote Newman once more, "It gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, and eloquence in expressing them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant." It is the contact with many minds of various structure, but all in the exuberant activity of growth, which is the most valuable element in a University education; the course of study and the examinations are in my opinion of quite secondary importance. With regard to our present highly developed system of examination, which forms so marked—I may even say, so aggressive—a feature in our modern life, I venture to think that so far from helping culture it is altogether opposed to it. It leads a man to work, not for the sake of learning or for the training of his mind, but in order that he may outmanœuvre his examiners, or that he may win prizes. That is the height of his ambition: worse still, the capacity of accomplishing these feats becomes his sole test of intellectual merit. Culture establishes a harmonious balance of power among the mental faculties, each being developed to its utmost limits and none being crushed out or withered for want of use. The examination system on the contrary develops the memory altogether in excess of the higher powers of the mind, and substitutes for the lofty ideal of knowledge that which will *pay* in the examination room; the one is a joy and "possession for ever," the other a mere *tool* which is thrown aside when it has served its purpose. The Chinese have, I understand, a system of examination which is so complete and perfect as to be a subject of envy to the "coaches" and "crammers" and other educational vampires who suck the intellectual life-blood of the ingenuous youth in these islands; yet, in spite of its advantages in this respect, that country has made scarcely any appreciable progress for many centuries. Are we tending towards a similar petrifaction of our civilisation and national life?

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the acquisition of professional knowledge? A little reflection will show that it has a very real and practical bearing. Culture prepares the soil; if the seed of knowledge falls on a rock it withers away, if among thorns they grow up and choke it. An untrained mind acquires knowledge with infinitely more difficulty than a disciplined intelligence, and masters it less thoroughly. There is a want of insight, of grasp, of the sense of proportion, and of intellectual tact in those whose minds have not been developed by the mental gymnastics of general culture, which puts them at an enormous disadvantage in the acquisition of new ideas. Even if they succeed in learning more facts than their better-trained rivals they lack the power of weighing and estimating, discriminating and co-ordinating them. They are the slaves of minutiæ, incapable alike of generalisation or distinction; intellectually they "cannot see the forest for the trees." Matthew Arnold was particularly struck by this in the competitive examinations for admission to the Indian Civil Service; he noticed that while candidates who had been prepared by "crammers" usually knew more than those who came straight from a public school, the latter knew incomparably better what they had learned.

The notion that culture, so far from being a help to the acquisition of professional knowledge, is really an obstacle thereto, is founded on a confusion of thought which it may be worth while to clear up. It would be just as reasonable to suppose that training could be a disqualification for an athlete in the performance of his feats. It is true, however, that culture, though not directly an impediment to the acquisition of professional knowledge, may indirectly produce an almost equivalent effect by creating a distaste for it. There is no doubt that a cultured man may at first take less kindly to technical study than one whose mind is more or less a *tabula rasa*, waiting for something to be written on it. Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us that he found it difficult at first to concentrate his mind, which had been fed on the classical writers, on the dreary minutiæ of anatomy. In like manner the barbarous jargon and tedious technicalities of law may not unnaturally revolt a man sensitive to literary beauty on his first introduction to them. Another thing which has led to the notion that mental cultivation is antagonistic to the acquisition of technical knowledge is the fact that dilettanteism, which is a smattering of literary and artistic commonplaces, is often confounded with true culture. Dilettanteism certainly does disqualify the mind for grappling with

difficulties, and is a bar to the attainment of solid knowledge of any kind, but dilettanteism is not culture, though it may bear superficial resemblance to it.

I am willing, however, to admit that as all minds are not cast in the same mould, the same kind of cultivation is not universally applicable. Doctors in dealing with their patients have to take into account what they call *idiosyncrasies*, that is to say, peculiarities of constitution, which exemplify the literal truth of the old saw, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Thus we find that in certain persons opium causes excitement instead of sleep; in others such generally harmless things as eggs, various kinds of fish, and even mutton act as violent poisons. There are mental as well as bodily idiosyncrasies, and training which is beneficial to most will be useless or even injurious to some. I am strongly of opinion that there are certain minds which can be over-cultivated, that is to say, educated beyond their faculties. Athletes tell us that a man may be *overtrained;* then instead of becoming more and more master of his muscles he breaks down—"goes stale," I believe, is the technical expression—and becomes unequal to the task for which he was being prepared. Now, although Mr. Arthur Balfour has ridiculed the idea that a man could be over-educated, I must confess that his arguments seemed to me more ingenious than convincing. I am not speaking of too much learning; there can, I imagine, be no question that a man may be overwhelmed by the dead weight of mere amorphous erudition to such an extent that his reasoning powers lie buried beneath it. The man's mind becomes unwieldy, like the body of one of those "armadillo wights" of the days of chivalry, who were so oppressed by the weight of their armour that when unhorsed they could not rise from the ground without assistance. In disease it often happens that overgrowth of one tissue element is associated with wasting of others; a mass is formed, the pressure of which generally cuts off the nutrition of the neighbouring parts: it crushes them out of existence in fact, and if it is of what we call *malignant* nature it actually devours them, and takes their place. Something of the same sort occurs in a mind afflicted with an overgrowth of book learning; the powers of observation, reflection, and judgment are impaired or altogether destroyed; only receptiveness is left, a receptiveness of opinions rather than of facts and ideas. Culture of this kind—if such it can be called—is absolutely inimical to professional knowledge. Genuine culture promotes and preserves the *health* of the mind, and makes it alert,

inventive, and self-sustaining; it enables us to see things as they are, and is therefore of the very highest value in helping us not merely to receive but to digest and assimilate knowledge of all kinds. Excessive book learning, on the other hand, leads to *disease* of the mind, makes it sluggish and inert as regards independent effort, and, worst fault of all, as far as the acquisition of professional knowledge is concerned, it tends to substitute a blind, indiscriminating, mechanical regard for authority, an idolatrous worship of books, for the accurate perception of facts and their mutual relations, which is the very essence of knowledge which has to be used for the guidance of men.

The direct bearing which general culture has on professional success is therefore obvious. But what is "professional success"? It is not merely making a living, still less the accumulation of wealth, though, of course, if a man cannot support himself by his profession he can hardly be said to "succeed" in it. Real success implies adding to the stock of professional knowledge which has been gathered by his predecessors; it implies raising or at least maintaining the credit and influence of his profession; it implies giving the benefit of one's technical skill to the greatest possible number of persons who stand in need of it; it implies developing one's sphere of usefulness to the utmost extent, and being an efficient piece of the machinery of society and advancing the welfare of mankind in every direction as far as lies in one. A man who looks on his profession as nothing better than a means of extracting as much money as he can from his fellow-creatures cannot be said to achieve success, however rich he may become; he lives altogether for the lowest part of his nature, and hardly deserves to rank higher in the hierarchy of creation than a successful beast of prey.

Having explained what is the nature of professional success, let me briefly allude to the qualities which enable a man to achieve it, with especial reference to the bearing of general culture on each of them. What I may call the personal factors of professional success, that is to say, the factors which belong solely to the man himself, are (1) an adequate amount of the technical knowledge and skill which are his stock in trade; (2) the power of using that knowledge and skill with the best possible effect and of applying them swiftly and surely to individual cases as they come before him; (3) a knowledge of human nature, and of the wants, feelings, necessities, prejudices, and motives of action of men and women in different spheres of life, so that he may know how to deal with them and how to be most useful to them; (4) the

power of influencing others, that is to say, the power of winning their confidence, convincing their intellects, and directing their will.

With regard to the first of these points, I have endeavoured to prove that culture is of the greatest possible service as an aid to the acquisition of professional knowledge. A man destitute of culture may, indeed, "know his work," but other things being equal he will not know it so well as one whose intellect has been thoroughly trained. In particular, he will not know his own weak points so clearly—and a knowledge of the exact limits of our own powers is essential for the successful use of them. Almost without exception our leading men in Parliament, in the Church, and at the Bar are men of undoubted culture. Journalism, which thirty years ago was mainly in the hands of semi-literate penny-a-liners, is now largely recruited from the Universities; even the Stage (if that can be called a profession) now recognises the importance of general culture in addition to special training. In my own profession a like change is in progress; the Apothecary, the "College and Hall man," who knew his trade by rule of thumb, and was in respect of general culture on a level with other small shopkeepers, has almost disappeared, and it is difficult to recognise his lineal descendant in the refined gentleman, who has a soul above gallipots and can cultivate thriving colonies of the most recently caught microbe and talk about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" besides. To what is the great improvement both in the efficiency and in the social position of the medical profession in this country due but to the more generally diffused intellectual culture within its ranks? This, so far from making men worse doctors, has made the profession, as a whole, so much more proficient in their art that the old traditional sneers about us have become almost obsolete. I do not say we are more learned than our predecessors—on the contrary, we are, as a class, less erudite than the Diafoiruses so justly ridiculed by Molière, but there can be no doubt we are more cultured, that is to say, we have a clearer insight into things as they are, and *therefore* we are more practical and more efficient.

That culture gives us the power of using technical knowledge with the best effect is a truth so obvious that I need not dwell upon it. Compare what Moltke (in speaking of the American Civil War, I believe) called the "scrambling of armed mobs" with the calm resistless advance of a Macedonian phalanx, or an army corps of "thinking bayonets"; each man in the mob may be bigger, stronger, and better armed than the disciplined soldiers, yet the crowd is scattered by the troops like chaff

by the wind. It is the discipline, the training, and the intelligent direction to a definite end that make the difference. It is the same thing with a disciplined mind as compared with an untrained one. The precise object to be aimed at is clearly perceived, and the whole faculties of the mind are then brought to bear upon it. The secret of Napoleon's magnificent generalship consisted, it appears, in swiftly concentrating his attack on one point of the enemy's position and crushing resistance by superior numbers. This he did successfully even when his force as a whole was inferior to that of his opponents. This exactly illustrates the effect of culture on the intellect; it enables it to mass its powers on the particular matter before it, and in this way it will succeed where a mind naturally more powerful but without the advantage of training will fail.

With regard to the knowledge of human nature and the consequent power of dealing with men and women, which I have mentioned as an important element of professional success, I have no doubt many would say that this cannot be got from books, but only from actual contact with living fellow-creatures. This is unquestionably true to a certain extent, but it is equally true that here also culture is of great assistance. No one will deny that a knowledge of history, "philosophy teaching by example," as Bolingbroke called it, is of the highest use to the politician; familiarity with the past enables him to understand the present and, to some extent, predict the future. Just as the inspection of a dead body enables a physician to interpret the signs and forecast the issue of a disease, literature "holds the mirror up to nature"; it is the reflection of human life and the expression of human character and human passion. This being so, can there be a doubt that if it is not actually the key which unlocks the souls of our fellow-creatures to us it at least teaches us how to use it? Here, as in everything else, the mind trained to analysis, to accuracy of observation, to caution in deduction, must see more clearly and see further than one which is guided purely by the light of nature. Culture, which is essentially familiarity with many minds and their workings, gives a power of sympathetic insight—a delicate perception of the effect of words and facts on different persons—which is hardly ever a natural gift. Without this the clergyman fails to understand the spiritual needs of his flock; he preaches over their heads, or quite wide of the mark; his ministrations, however well meant, leave those to whom they are offered cold and unmoved, perhaps even repel them. Frequently a new member, even if able, well informed, and an effective speaker to other

audiences, fails to catch the tone of the House of Commons. This may, of course, happen to anyone at first, as it happened to Disraeli and many others, from a variety of causes. If, however, the ill success is permanent, I think it will always be found to depend on want of culture of one kind or another, which makes the orator incapable of that intuitive perception of the effect of his words on his audience which is the direct outcome of sympathy with their average intellectual constitution. He is unable, in the words of Goethe, to "imitate their manner of conceiving."

A barrister cannot plead his client's cause without understanding not only the facts of the case, but the character and mind of the man he has to defend, and of his opponents. A physician who would treat his patients as machines which get out of order, without knowing or caring for the working of the subtler part of their economy, and without taking into account not merely the particular bodily ill with which they happen to be afflicted, but their character and their relations to those around them, would do little good, even as far as immediate physical necessities are concerned. If you know a man's strength and his weakness you know how to deal with him. This gives you that confidence in yourself which begets confidence in others. A large part of the secret of professional success is the power not merely of giving good advice, but of inducing those who consult you to follow it. To this end different persons will be influenced in different ways, and it is the intuitive sympathetic perception of how each of them can be most effectually led to submit his will to yours that will enable you to guide them in the way they should go. A man may have a thorough knowledge of his profession and great skill in applying it, but unless he can *manage* his clients, patients, parishioners, or whatever they may be, he will fail in attaining the highest success. Nothing so fits a man for this delicate duty as culture, which will make a man useful and effective, where a man of greater professional learning and skill may be powerless for good.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

A PLEA FOR THE ENGLISH SILK INDUSTRY.

WHAT were those foreign luxuries for the criminal introduction of which among his people that Egyptian king was solemnly cursed by the priests some six thousand years ago? Were silken garments among them? The curse is still to be read, engraven on stone for a perpetuity of shame so long as the earth shall endure. But whether silk attire was part of the roll-call of Pharaoh's iniquities—who knows? The roots of civilisation are lost in the dark underground of the past; and the beginnings of Art, Science, and Manufacture can no more be chronicled than the moment when the radish first shoots down its first pedicle. All that we know is this: given the same relative plane of civilisation, the same kind of textile fabrics is to be found all the world over, together with the same kind of flint implements, hewn stone, carved wood, warlike weapons, ornamented pottery, "dug-outs," and sacred structures dedicated to the gods.

Who first discovered the art of reeling off the threads of that antenatal tomb wherein the *bombyx mori* buries himself, is among the unsolved mysteries of human history. The Chinese, precise and fractional, give this honour to their model Queen Louitsen in the year 2698 B.C. But silk weaving was certainly known outside the region of the Flowery Land before then. All those pretty tales of the gentle queen tending her "graines" as lovingly as the lady tended her flowers in the garden where the sensitive plant grew, and watching over her crawling nursery as sedulously as any Italian padrona among the mulberry trees of Tuscany—all these tales may be true, but they are none the more final; and the absolute beginnings of silk-weaving are yet to seek.

As for the comparatively modern fable which made the island of Cos the birthplace and Pamphila the maiden mother of the art, that too we may dismiss. Clever adoption and industrious cultivation, if we will; but Pamphila did not discover the art of silk-weaving, though she improved on her original models. The fame of those "Coan vests,"

which were made matters of Roman law and civic regulation, remains to this day. Made of silken thread and woven into a fabric as thin as the thinnest gauze, they were not more clothing than the "woven air" of the Egyptians. When wrought over with the "Meconian needle" into a kind of open work, like our modern *rivière*, they were as like dress in the sense of decent covering as the net in which the North girl fulfilled the command to come to the King neither clothed nor naked. Cleopatra wore one of these Coan vests wrought into open stitch, when she gained Antony and lost an Empire; and scattered up and down the Latin poets are references to this special garment, now in blame and now in admiration.

We adopt as true that famous account given by Gibbon of the two Persian monks who, at the risk of their lives, brought from China, concealed in their hollow staves, the eggs of the moth and the seeds of the mulberry tree; thus enabling the Emperor Justinian to baffle the rapacity of the Persian carrier and middleman by being his own breeder and manufacturer; as he was in Athens, Thebes, and Corinth, where the art flourished apace.

Against the use of whole silk, or "holosericum," as it was called, Roman prejudice was strangely hot and strong. Heliogabalus was the first Roman emperor, *a fortiori* the first Roman citizen, who wore a garment of whole silk. He, Commodus, and Nero are all ill-famed for a superfluity of silken garments, as well as for profuse jewellery and unbridled vice. But that "whole silk" garment of Heliogabalus seems to have put the coping-stone on the crooked structure of imperial iniquity, and to have ranked as one of the worst of his many sins.

Against this whole silk as wearing apparel the Mohammedans had so strong an objection as to declare that "a person wearing a garment made entirely of silk cannot lawfully offer up the daily prayers enjoined by the Koran." If the woof were of linen and the warp only of silk, things were different, and the garment was then lawful. As the reason for this prohibition given by one author is that silk is the excretion of a worm and therefore defiling to the body, it seems unlikely that, according to another, Mohammed should have forbidden the use of this luxurious fabric to men on earth because it was fit to be worn only in Heaven.

Once introduced into the West as a living industry, the fashion spread, and silk became the sign of personal self-respect and social dignity. Even the Church adopted it. In spite of the fulminations of

the simpler and sterner sort, priests and bishops—the successors of those barefooted fishermen who owned neither scrip nor purse—the representatives of a Master Who extolled poverty as in itself a claim for divine favour, and taught that wealth was, *per se*, a barrier to salvation—even these exemplars of holy living and dying wore silken garments during their lives, and were buried in them after death. It was a curious illustration of how much the moral aspect of material things changes with time and familiarity. The material which ranked as an infamy in a dissolute Roman emperor came to be regarded as a matter of course befitting his state and dignity with a Christian priest, who was theoretically assumed to have renounced the pomps and vanities of the world in whatever direction they might lie.

For two hundred and fifty years silk continued to be in Rome a luxury emphatically worth its weight in gold—a luxury so costly that the Emperor Aurelian refused a garment of whole silk to his empress—a luxury so effeminate as to render that man infamous who wore it; yet in an incredibly short space of time after the naturalisation of the industry there Christian priests and bishops were buried in a superfluity of embroidered silken cerements, which find their forgiveness for past waste in the information they give to present research.

About the year 1130 Roger II., that enlightened King of Sicily who did so much for his place and people, brought both silkworms and mulberry trees, together with spinners, throwsters, and weavers, from Athens, Corinth, Thebes, and perhaps Cos, where the memory of Pamphila still flourished in the industry she had created. He established silk manufactories in Palermo and Calabria, whence the art spread over the whole of Italy, making that fair land for centuries one of the most prosperous of the silk-producing countries. Up to this time the Venetians had been the more modern middlemen and carriers, like the Persians before them. They brought from Greece and Byzantium, from China and Scythia, the silken stuffs which all bought who could afford to buy. For many centuries Venice was the centre of distribution for silken goods—Venice, emphatically the pioneer of modern luxury. When she lost her silk-carrying trade by the establishment of home manufactories, she lost more than she ever recovered.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the Florentine manufacture of silk and woollen clothes was one of the most important in Europe; and figured and embroidered silken garments come into all the descriptions given of pageants and festal displays. To some extent it

may be said that the silk industry gave rise to the banking system; and to that famous garment, among others, whereon was wrought the vine-branch which helped to captivate the heart of the Medici and which produced such grave after-complications, we owe the present convenience of payment by cheque and the still greater convenience of having one's money kept for us in safety, if also only in potentiality.

France, whose eyes were never long turned away from Italy—that coveted domain after which she was always hankering, and for which, ever since the days of Charlemagne, she has been always intriguing when not fighting—France was not likely to remain long behind her neighbour in arts which should beautify, or in acquirements which should enrich her. What Italy could produce and do on the hither side of the Alps, she also would bring to perfection on her own. Wherefore, in 1521, just before the pleasure-loving brother of the most devoted sister that ever lived came to the throne, certain Milanese silk-weavers were induced to migrate to the Gay Country where Courts of Love and of Honour held higher rank and were more potent as social institutions than the Courts of Justice herself. In the beginning of things France had to be contented, as we to-day, with raw silk, which she threw and wove into lovely fabrics enough. Soon she smuggled over both the *graines* and the leaves wherewith to nourish the worm when hatched—and the result is to be seen at Lyons at this day. But for a long time silk was both scarce and dear in France. Henri II. is said to have been the first person who wore a pair of knitted silk stockings—though, indeed, the invention is due to Spain, whence silk stockings were brought over to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. of England. The story of Queen Elizabeth's black silk stockings, and the many oaths she took that henceforward she would wear none other, is too old a "chestnut" for transplantation to these pages.

That the silk industry was solidly established in France, and the whole craft and mystery not only well known but improved on and developed, we ourselves bear living witness to this day at Spitalfields and elsewhere. The Huguenot refugees who sought safety in this land of fogs and frost—this perfidious Albion, where the sun never shines, where the inhabitants take their pleasures sadly, and where they eat their roast beef half raw—brought with them the then last work of taste and deftness; so that in 1730 the English silks, even in Italy, had a higher reputation and brought a higher price than either the French or their own native Genoese and Florentine.

The First James, who did not want for perspicuity in the midst of all

his follies and buffooneries, saw what could be made out of this new and as yet undeveloped industry. So early as the year 1455 there was a chartered company of silk-women in England. Probably these were only embroiderers, working with the needle in silk on already woven fabrics. In 1482, however, various small articles in silk were manufactured in England; and among them were the ribands which the Lady wrought when seated in her bower among her maidens. We do not know how these ribands were made, whether in a light portable loom, or with a "weaving needle" working through the threads like fine darning; but we do know that lengths of silken ribands were made at home by the Lady and her maidens, and that they were regarded as "favours"—gifts which honoured the receiver and did not disgrace the giver. For all "broad" manufactures England, as France before her, had to go to Italy; though in Spain the industry, which had been introduced by the Moors, was specially flourishing in Murcia, Cordova, and Granada, and from these centres flowed out to less favoured countries.

The broad-silk manufacture was begun in England about the year 1620. In 1629 the silk industry was so considerable that the silk throwsters obtained a charter all to themselves; and in 1661 this chartered company employed over forty thousand people. Seventy years after, Keysler, in the first volume of his travels, says that our English silk fetched a higher price in Italy than did the Italian silk itself—as has already been recorded. In 1719 the great throwing-machine, of which the designs were stolen from Italy, was set up by the two Lambes, near the Old Bridge at Derby; and nowhere were the prospects of the silk industry brighter than here in England. But we must not forget that it was to James I. that we owe the initial impetus towards anything like a national manufacture, as well as the plentiful planting of mulberry trees, which, if they did not ensure the successful breeding of the worm, did give our old gardens much of their distinctive charm. And it was to the Huguenot refugees that we owe the deftness of manipulation which, before fashion gave the weathercock a twist that way, made English silks among the best that could be procured. Now their special merit of honest dye and honest material counts for nothing as against the "touch" affirmed to be found only in French designs, the greater cheapness of the mixed or inferior material supplied by Germany and Switzerland, and the heavier weight given by heavier dye.

This matter of dye is one wherein the ignorant customer is often grossly deceived. The French weight their silks heavily, and, for the

sixteen ounces to which it is permitted to the most conscientious dyer to bring up his original fourteen, turn out silks weighing twenty ounces as a minimum, and under certain conditions reaching up to even a hundred. Seen under a microscope the difference between French and English dyed black silk is curiously instructive. The French thread is broadened and thickened with the dye, which flakes off and falls into the field like big masses of soot or pieces of bark from a tree trunk. The English thread is clear, clean, and bright, a shining black line, smooth and free from the heavy overlay of the French. An English black silk dyed thus honestly will "wear" as uniformly as a cotton. It will rub itself into holes by friction, but it will not "cut." The French, on the contrary "cuts" with its own weight, because of the unadhesive nature of the dye, and because also of its (microscopic) ruggedness. But a French silk, intrinsic value about five shillings a yard, sells for twenty-five because of its thickness and appearance, to cut into ribands after a short time of wearing.

When a very lustrous, very beautiful, and durable black silk, made at Spitalfields or elsewhere in England, is sold at a fashionable draper's—save with those where English silks are advertised and respected—it is labelled "French," as a recommendation to women who imagine that if French it must be good, if English it must be only second-rate. Much harm is done to our own silk manufacture by this dishonest pandering to a superstition which is not even a preference; and not the least of that harm is the disheartening of the manufacturers by this burking of all legitimate praise and recognition. Who cares to see his productions labelled wrongly and according to an artificial caprice rather than according to intrinsic merit? Silk manufacturers, like other people, have their professional *amour propre* and their natural desire for recognition. And when they have designed and woven a magnificent bit of brocade—the whole process English from start to finish—is it encouraging to see this sold and extolled as French, with perhaps this complacent rider from the critic: "Oh! only the French could turn out such a bit of work as this!"?

Talking of designs, some very instructive hints towards a history of artistic evolution might be gathered from the gradual changes to be found in weavers' patterns. At first simply geometrical and everywhere alike, they match the early designs on wood and pottery. Straight lines and zigzags precede the more complicated "meandrian" lines, just as the "key pattern" is earlier than the "honeysuckle." Savagery struggling

into self-consciousness puts forth as it were cotyledonous growths in thought and invention; and you come upon the same thing in the same comparative state of savagery or barbarism wherever found. The infinite differentiations which mark a more highly developed brain come long after. The germ-cell all through creation presents no difference, whether the future creature is to be a man or a monkey, a cow or a dog. It is only when the specific being begins to be formed that difference arises. So with art in general; and textile fabrics with the rest. Patterned silks always begin with straight lines, soon breaking into angles and curves. Then they go on to rounds, crosses, rosettes, by degrees developing into flowers, plants, trees, and animals—as we find figured on Egyptian and Assyrian garments, and as we see to this day in Chinese and Japanese silks.

After the Egyptian lotus and the Assyrian papyrus had grown out of the straight lines, those pre-Christian patterned silks became symbolic: for those early Eastern peoples at all times made all art the handmaid of religion. The bright blue scarabæus reminded the wearer of the inexhaustible fertility of nature; the winged disk symbolised the great primary god of all, the sun; the winged serpent was sovereignty; and the snake with his tail in his mouth was eternity. On the alabaster wall plates of the Assyrians we see their garments, loose, long, and fringed, embroidered all over with beasts both natural and chimerical. Winged lions human-headed, winged men bird-headed, remind one of the mystic robe of Isis whereon all nature was in some sort portrayed by figure or by symbol. And among all this phantasy we have the old familiar ornaments of roses, stars, curves, volutes, "meandrian" lines and zigzags, with one ever-recurring figure, the Tree of Life laden with pomegranates, that most symbolic and most mystic of all the fruits that grow.

The pomegranate, originally the emblem of fertility, was a favourite sign with these early peoples, to whom life was but one long day of divine mysteries and divine signs. They took nothing at haphazard or because it was simply picturesque. Everything with them had its hidden meaning as well as its outward form. Like music, pictorial art, of which figured silk was but one of many expressions, was intensely religious in the beginning; and, save those elementary geometrical lines which in a manner came of themselves, all that the artist wove, engraved, or drew was in some way connected with the gods, the mystery of life, and the resolute materiality of a hereafter. Thus the pomegranate came to be a very general ornament on Eastern garments.

Even on Aaron's robes they made on the hem "pomegranates of blue and purple, and scarlet and twined linen." And on the garment of a Cyprian King on his throne the Tree of Life stands within a circle surrounded by palms and pomegranates, and surmounted by the winged disk of sovereignty. For in the Arabian East, as now with the Czar in Holy Russia, the King was *ex-officio* consecrated to holy associations like, if not equal to, those of the High Priest.

The Chinese have the same delight in woven and embroidered animal forms. The dragon, their symbol of supreme wisdom, is one of their most frequent presentations. With five toes it is the coat of arms of the Emperor and chief princes; and when with these five sacred toes it is taboo, and cannot lawfully be sold to an inferior creature, nor taken out of the kingdom. Four-toed, it belongs to the princes of the lower form or second class. With only three toes it is in a sense public property, and no longer taboo, belonging by right to the mandarins only. The device of the Empress is a phœnix—a mongrel kind of creature with a spreading peacock's tail and a head and neck as full of ugly bumps as a wart-hog. Then there is a wondrous horse which matches our griffin or unicorn, uniting as it does the body of a stag, the horns and tail of an ox, and the hoofs of a horse. The same animal may be seen as a unicorn in Assyrian art, and is traceable as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (Paul Schulze).

From a Greek tomb dating as far back as the fifth century B.C. some very important silken "finds" have been taken. Beautiful colours, lovely fabric, good designs of human figures, animals, and the more simple geometrical ornaments, all prove the perfection to which the art of patterned weaving had been brought in those early Hellenic days. How, indeed, should those masters of all the arts which adorn and beautify human life lag behind in the matter of skilful weaving or exquisite dyes? What other nations could do, Greece was bound by the law of her being to do also, and to better her instructors.

The earliest Christian designs followed the law of religiosity with which all early art is associated. For the Eastern symbols of snakes and human-headed beasts these Christian weavers took the various incidents of Christ's life, and wove in gold thread circular representations of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the miracles, and the like—as in the embroidered copes and stoles kept in those semi-circular boxes abroad. Few people who admire these gorgeous works of art see in them the direct survival of old Pagan methods—old Pagan designs. But

Christianity in more than the weaver's loom ran the new substance into the old grooves—adapted more than the weaver's patterns when she took over to herself the old College of Priests, the Vestal Virgins, the Dioscuri and the statues of the gods, the festivals of the seasons, votive altars, and some of the brutal forms of the Lupercalia and Saturnalia. Wise as the Church was from the beginning even to now, she adapted and substituted rather than deprived and destroyed. And the circular pictures, flower-adorned and rudely patterned, which the older nations had invented, she manipulated and adapted according to her own ritual and sacred literature.

As might be expected, the early designs preserved at Palermo are entirely Eastern in their spirit and treatment. The Hotel de Tirez, founded by Roger, turned out some of the most exquisite silk-weaving that the world has seen. The Sicilian weavers used a great deal of gold thread, and produced velvets as fine as the finest ever made at Lyons or Genoa, while their silk embroideries, with jewels set in gold on the fabric, gave profit to the worker and glory to the Church. But soon all Italy shared in the advantages of this new manufacture. Lucca set the example, and the example spread till most of the chief towns in the Italian peninsula had their own silk-weaving industries—still existing in some, while they have died out in others. These old Italian silks are unsurpassed to this day. Some velvets have seven differently-coloured warps; some weave their pattern in velvets of different length in pile; some have golden ears of corn scattered over the ground; and some have roses and flowers in uncut or, as we call it now, terry velvet.

These large and showy patterns continued in favour up to the time of Louis XV., when the taste changed; and for such designs as we find still described by Mrs. Delaney, of trees in flower-pots and huge branches spreading over the whole front of a gown, we have smaller bunches of flowers on a plain ground, and narrow stripes with yet smaller flowers between. These are still held as of better taste than the huge flowers occasionally seen—one of which will cover the whole back of a stout woman, making the milliner despair of bringing it into fitting symmetry. Every now and then we receive from over the seas a length of Brobdingnagian roses or tulips, by which the most graceful woman in the world is disfigured. But mercifully the taste does not spread, and the smaller patterns hold their own.

The most magnificent splendours of the loom are emphatically to be found in the silks of yesterday, not of to-day. Cheapness, not merit,

has shouldered out those superb brocades, embroideries, velvets, and gold-threaded fabrics, which we envy and desire and would have at will, but will not pay for. Good material counts less in the modern markets than effective design in a showy substance, which looks "cheap for the money." Hence, the English silk manufacturer, who is considerably more "thorough" than his neighbours over the seas, finds himself distanced in the home markets, where low-priced foreign goods, admitted free of duty, crowd his better and dearer productions out of court. Worth for worth our good English silks are decidedly cheaper than the foreign, but women do not care to buy intrinsically good material when they can get shoddy which looks every whit as well for less money. The magnificent silk brocades and damasks which Messrs. Warner and others exhibited can be imitated for perhaps two-thirds or even less their cost here. But then the real thing is made of the best silk that can be had, the imitation has the warp of cotton, only time and wear prove the difference, and to time and wear many people prefer show and cheapness.

Also, there is a kind of anti-national superstition afloat which makes England the artistic Nazareth whence no good thing can come. English designs are below the French in that inexplicable quality we call *chic*. English silks, whether plain or brocaded, are inferior to both French and Italian, to both Swiss and German. It is of no good to proclaim the contrary, to hold exhibitions proving the contrary—to state what is the truth, that, acting on this superstition, many of our West End shops sell cheaper English goods for the more expensive foreign, profiting by the folly which attaches intrinsic value to a name and does not judge of things as they are.

It is the same with colours. No English dyer can touch the foreigner. So runs the legend of taste, and no facts, no statistics, no proofs alter the decision of the ignorant and name-led. As for patriotism—that is a dead letter with the average Englishwoman. Even those "pretty preachers" who mount platforms and harangue roughs on the subtleties of politics and the moralities of the vote disregard the practical good they might do by their active patronage of English silks, and get their goods from Paris as being in better taste. The very members of the Ladies' Association do this, in spite of the fine example set them by the Duchess of Teck on the occasion—so regrettably frustrated—of the Princess May's intended marriage. The Duchess was "patriotic" then to the last item of the designed trousseau; and some of the silks ordered, which I myself have seen, were of the most exquisite patterns and the

most perfect quality to be made by the hand of man. The colours were as absolutely perfect as the rest. No foreigner can surpass and few come near the brilliancy, the delicacy, or the luminosity of the Leek-dyed stuffs turned out by Messrs. Wood and Co. From the poorest and faintest to the richest and deepest, the chromatic scale is without a flaw, but seeing is not believing with those who do not want to be convinced, and you will still hear people say: "English dyes are so coarse."

All those charming silks to be seen at Goodyer's and Stevens' are English throughout. English thrown silk, English dyes, weaving, designs. Many, but not all, at Liberty's are also purely and wholly English. They hold their own against the world, while the dull "blue-black" silk is a speciality not to be found elsewhere.

We pay annually eleven millions for imported silk goods. We pay annually, heaven knows what, in poor rates and charities. And among those who must be relieved, if they are not to die of hunger, are Spital-fields silk-weavers, whose handicraft is so poorly supported by the public as to render full employment impossible. Many of our great weavers are patriots as well as manufacturers, and work for small profits, oftentimes at a loss, that they may keep their looms going and their hands employed. America would gladly receive these men; and tempting offers have been made to them to transfer their skill and energy from their ungrateful native country to one which prides itself on self support all through.

Nothing is so easy as to talk big on abstract propositions. There is a grand sweep in impersonal moralities which lends itself to the imagination and stirs the blood pleasantly. But nothing is more difficult than the small unheroic personal sacrifices which go to build up a cause and create a reform. This matter of our English silk industry is one of them. If our women would leave platform politics alone and agitate for the general adoption of English silks, they would do far more good than at present, when they talk of what they do not understand, subject themselves to personal insults and indignities, and, so far as in them lies, help the foreign silk manufacturer to grow rich and the English weaver to starve.

E. Lynn Linton.

THE FORERUNNERS OF COLUMBUS.

HOW often has America been discovered and re-discovered? The question is very allowable when we remember the ancient classic tales of the Atlantis and a large Western Continent. Solon brought such a report from Egypt, as stated by Plato. Plutarch, who evidently had still other sources at his command, even gives the names of the Egyptian priests from whom Solon obtained the information. Aelian, in his *Historical Miscellanies*, transcribes from Theopompos, an historiographer of the fourth century before our era, a curious tale which the Phrygian King, Midas, is said to have heard from the demigod Seilenos. In it the following occurs: "Europe and Asia, as well as Lybia (Africa), are islands round which the ocean flows. Only that which lies beyond them is to be called a continent. Its vastness is immense."

The classic stories concerning the Atlantis are overlaid with fabulous details and mythological impossibilities. But still there is mention made of isles lying before the colossal Western Continent in which we seem to recognise a vague knowledge of the Bahamas, of the Antilles, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Sea. We also hear of a part in those distant lands where the sun only sets, during thirty days, for a single hour, and of strange atmospheric phenomena peculiar to the North. All this seems to show that the state of things in the Arctic regions may have become known, at an early time, to the dwellers round the sunny Mediterranean coast. Perhaps the Davis Straits and the St. Lawrence Gulf are faintly traceable in these dim tales. Is not, I may add, the Land of the Midnight Sun, on the European side, with its huge and warlike race, its fjords, and its elk or reindeer, also indicated in the tenth and eleventh songs of the Odyssey?

Again, the classic myths speak of the sunken Atlantis which disappeared in the ocean waves. Strangely enough, there are traditions among the American aborigines of terrible earthquakes and floods,

combined with volcanic eruptions, by which a mass of land was overwhelmed. So it is more than likely that there is a strong basis of truth in the ancient reports which Solon brought from the land of the Nile.

It is remarkable, too, that long before the discovery of America by Columbus, Mexican, Brazilian, and Peruvian gods were represented as white-skinned, and with long waving hair and beard, whilst the native races that worshipped them were red-skinned and nearly beardless. But it is not my object here to go through the many vestiges of an apparently prehistoric intercourse between our part of the world and the Transatlantic Continent. It is enough to say that so great a scholar and explorer as Alexander von Humboldt declared it to be an error to suppose that the ancient tales of the Atlantis were absolute fiction, mere poetical romances. On the contrary, he thought that "they merit a serious consideration on the part of those who strive to penetrate through the darkness of historical traditions." (*Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent.*)

There are Irish and Welsh tales concerning an early intercourse of this country with the great Western Continent. It was when speaking of them that Humboldt was led to make the above remarks. I may point out here that in the Irish *Lay of Oisin on the Land of the Young* there is a mythic description of a country which lies opposite Ireland, on the other side of the ocean, "right due west, at the mouth of the great sea." It is as if some enormous American bay were meant. In this connection it is well to remember that the Northmen, after having found the Transatlantic coast, gave the name of Ginnunga Gap (the Yawning Gap or Abyss) to some large gulf in the west. The Edda speaks of a yawning abyss before the world arose. This mythological idea was geographically transferred to the configuration of the New World, in accordance with a prevailing Germanic custom, just as the name of Asgard, the heavenly castle of the Asa gods, still exists to this day in North England, in the name of a country place, Aysgarth.

The *Lay of Oisin on the Land of the Young* * is written in Keltic; but the Fianna heroes it treats of are clearly marked, in their names and characteristics, as being of Germanic stock. I think there is good ground to believe that Norse rovers had appeared in Ireland long before the historical conquest in the ninth century. In Keltic garb the

* *Laoidh Oisin air Thir Na N-Og.* (Publications of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.)

poem, at any rate, records the deeds or mythical performances of Northern men. Who knows whether the idea of eternal youth in that happy land in the West did not arise from the fact, apparently now well ascertained, of red-skin Indians in Central and Southern America sometimes reaching the age of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty?

From the fantastic domain of old Irish tradition or fiction, in which also occurs the tale of St. Brendan, who was said to have been in the great Western land in the sixth century, we may proceed to a somewhat more definite statement of old Icelandic writers. They speak of the existence of a White Man's Land (*Hvitramannaland*) or Great Ireland (*Irland it mikla*) on the other side of the Atlantic. Here again Humboldt may aptly be quoted. When discussing the Norse discovery of America he says:—

"There is less certainty as regards the traces which are believed to have been found of an even earlier Irish discovery of America before the year 1000. The Skraelings (Eskimos) told the Northmen, who had settled in Vinland, that 'farther towards the South, beyond the present Chesapeake Bay, there dwelt white men who walked about in long white garments, carrying before them poles to which cloth was attached and calling out with loud voices.' This report was interpreted by the Christian Northmen as meaning Church processions, in which banners were borne and hymns sung. In the oldest sagas, in the historical accounts about Thorfinn Karlsefne, and in the Icelandic *Book of Land Settlement* those Southern coasts between Virginia and Florida are designated by the name of White Man's Land. They are actually called Great Ireland, and it is asserted that they had been populated by Irishmen. According to documents reaching up to the year 1064, before Leif had discovered Vinland, probably as early as 982, Ari Marson, of the powerful Icelandic family of Ulf Squint-eye, had been driven by storms when sailing from Iceland southwards to the coast of the White Man's Land. He was baptised there at Christmas, and, as he was not allowed to go away, men from the Orkney Islands and Iceland afterwards recognised him there."

The old Icelandic account of this story is very precise. It is founded on the testimony of Rafu, a contemporary of Ari Marson, who had frequently made the journey to Illmyreek, that is, Limerick, in Ireland. Thorkell Gelberson, the uncle of the famed Icelandic historian, Ari Frode, who himself was descended, in the fourth degree, from Ari Marson, refers to countrymen of his who had been present when Thorfinn Sigurdson gave an account of Ari Marson's adventure to the Jarl of the Orkneys.

"The White Man's Land"—the great Danish scholar, Karl Christian

Rafn*, writes—"is probably the same as that in which Björn Asbrandson, with the surname of Breidwikingakappi, who was a member of the famous heroic league at Jomsburg under Palnatoke, spent the evening of his life. His history is a highly romantic one. An illicit love affair with Thurid, the sister of the powerful chieftain Snorre Gode, at Frodaa, in Iceland, had been the cause of his being prosecuted. He saw himself compelled to seek safety in flight. In the year 999 he sailed away with a north-east wind.

"Now, we read in the *Eyrbyggia Saga* that Gudleif Gadlangson, the brother of Thorfinn, who was the forebear of the historian, Snorre Sturlason, had made a commercial voyage to Dyflin (Dublin). Intending to return to Iceland by sailing round the western Irish coast, he was cast away south-westward by storms, and thus got to a country whose inhabitants made him a prisoner and bound him. They then deliberated as to whether they should kill or make a slave of him. It seemed to him that the language of his enemies was the Irish one. Then—so the report goes on—a great crowd came, before which a banner was borne, and a tall and stately white-haired man of great age appeared. This was Björn Asbrandson. He had Gudleif before him, and when he heard that he was an Icelander, asked him in Norse about acquaintances at home—especially about Thurid, his love, whose son, Kjartan, was held to be his own.

"When the inhabitants, becoming restless during the too long conversation, insisted on a decision concerning the treatment to be given to Gudleif, the old and stately man took twelve men aside for a consultation. The verdict was to the effect that the captive was to be set free. At the same time he was warned to go away quickly, as the people were of evil disposition and not to be trusted. He was also urged to tell his friends and relations in Iceland that they should make no attempt to cross over, for he (Björn Asbrandson) was very aged and near his end; the country had few harbours; and there were foes everywhere. With these words, the old man gave to Gudleif a golden ring for Thurid as a token of remembrance, and a sword for Kjartan. Thereupon Gudleif returned with his crew (by way of Dublin) to Iceland; and everybody was convinced that it was Björn Asbrandson whom he had seen in that far-off land."†

* *The Discovery of America in the Tenth Century.*

† Compare the Icelandic edition of the *Eyrbyggia Saga*, by G. Vigfusson, and the German translation by Mohnike in the Appendix to the *Heimskringha*.

Now, though all this sounds somewhat poetical, it is noteworthy that among an Indian tribe which had migrated from West Florida to Ohio an old tale was current that their original home had once been inhabited by white men, who used iron implements. It is like an echo from the Icelandic tale of the White Man's Land, or Great Ireland.

Here it may be brought to mind that Himilko, the Carthaginian, nearly 2,000 years before the birth of Columbus, had been very near discovering America. Starting from Gaddir (Cadiz), he rounded the Sacred Cape, proceeding northwards, and founding factories and colonies which afterwards became filled with a large Carthaginian population. His fleet then ventured into the open sea, and was driven to the south. Thick fogs hid the sun, and the ships drove before the north wind. Afterwards they came to a warmer sea and were becalmed. Vast plains of sea-weed stretched there for many days' journey, and the ship could hardly be pushed through the interlacing branches. There seemed to be no depth of water, as if the fleet were passing over submerged land; and a fear arose as to the neighbourhood of dangerous reefs. Shoals of large tunnies and other fish—as was afterwards noticed in the same place by Columbus—swam in and out between the ships.

"The sea animals crept upon the tangled weed."

It was here, in the Sargasso Sea, that the magicians on board forbade the prosecution of the voyage. Himilko appears to have turned homewards from this point, and to have come upon the Azores and Madeira, which the mariners described, on their return, in such glowing language that others undertook the voyage, until the Senate, being afraid of an exodus from Carthage, forbade all further visits to "the Fortunate Islands" on pain of death. (See *Origins of English History*. By Charles Elton, pp. 22-25.)

"In spite of the nearness of the opposite coast of Labrador," Humboldt writes, "there yet passed one hundred and twenty-five years from the first settlement of the Norsemen on Iceland until Leif's great discovery of America. So small were the means which could be employed for the furtherance of navigation, in that out-of-the-way and desolate corner of the world, by a noble, vigorous, but poor race. The stretch of coast called Vinland—so named on account of the wild grapes which a German, Tyrker, had found there—attracted settlers by the fertility of its soil and the mildness of its climate as compared with Iceland and Greenland. Designated by Leif as 'the good Vinland' (*Vinland it goda*), it comprised the coast between Boston

and New York; also parts of the present States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. This was the chief settlement of the Northmen. The colonists had often to do battle with the very warlike tribe of the Eskimo, which then spread much more to the south, and whose people were called Skraelings by the Northmen. The first Bishop of Greenland, Erik Upsi, an Icelander, undertook a missionary expedition to Vinland in 1121; and the name of this colonised country has even been found in old national songs among the inhabitants of the Faroes. Concerning the intercourse of far Northern Europe and of the Greenlanders and Icelanders with the American Continent proper, there are reliable reports reaching to the middle of the fourteenth century. As late as the year 1347, a ship was sent from Greenland to Markland (Nova Scotia) to fetch building wood and other necessaries. On the voyage back from Markland the vessel was cast away by a storm, and had to land at Straumfjord, in the western part of Iceland. This is the last news of Normannic America which the old Scandinavian sources have preserved."

Now, the historical facts are, in the main, these:—

In the year 986 Erik the Red (Eirikr Ranthri), a Norwegian jarl, who had fled from Norway to Iceland on account of having slain a man, sailed westward and found a country he called "Greenland," in the hope of thereby alluring settlers. They arrived, indeed, and a colony was founded. It had, however, mainly to rely on the chase and on fishing. Among those who came after Erik the Red was Herjulf, a relative of Irgulf, who had made the first settlement in Iceland. Herjulf's son, Bjarne, on returning from a commercial voyage to Norway, intended to visit his own father, who had transferred his home from Iceland to Greenland; but Bjarne became fog-bound, so that for days he was in doubt as to his whereabouts. At last he and his crew saw a country without mountains, but covered with forest, and showing small hills near the coast. As this outlook did not fit in with the description of Greenland, Bjarne sailed further during two days, when he perceived another country which was flat and grown over with wood. From thence he went on, with a south-west wind, for three days more, when he saw a third country, with high cliffs and icebergs near it. In a severe storm he at last, after four days, reached Greenland.*

Now, when Bjarne Herjulfsson, during a visit to the Jarl Erik in Norway, described the country he had seen from afar, reproaches were addressed to him for not having made a closer inspection. Upon this, Leif, the son of Erik the Red, bought the ship of Bjarne Herjulfsson,

* *The Discovery of America in the Tenth Century.* By Karl Christian Rafn.

after the latter's return to Greenland, and sailed westward, about the year 1000, with a crew of thirty-one men.

Leif first came to that Helluland which Bjarne had seen last. Then he reached Markland, and then an island. Sailing through a sound between this island and a cape, he finally stepped upon the soil of the Western Continent. With his ship he went up a river, where he cast anchor. There he built, first, wooden booths or huts, then dwellings proper of wood.

With Leif was a German, of the name of Tyrker (which perhaps may mean Dirk, that is, Dietrich), who had been his tutor or foster-father. It was this Tyrker who first discovered the wild grapes of America. Each evening—so the account runs—Leif divided his crew into two squads, one of which remained as a watch in the houses, whilst the other scouted the neighbourhood, but with the order to come back, at all events, in the evening.

On one of those expeditions Tyrker disappeared, and he was considered lost. In the end, however, he reappeared in such a state of over-joyous agitation that, when asked by Leif why he had come so late, it was at first impossible to make him give an answer comprehensible to his comrades. Rolling his eyes about he talked excitedly in German for some time, until he so far collected himself as to use the Norse tongue and to make himself properly understood.

"Certainly," he said, "I have gone much farther into the country; but now I can tell you something new. Vines I have found, and grapes."

"Is that true, my foster-father?" asked Leif.

"True it is," answered Tyrker, "for I was brought up where vines and grapes exist in abundance!"

The Icelandic report gives a curious description of the bodily appearance and the mental qualities of Tyrker. He had a high forehead, a quick and lively glance, but small, delicate features, and an undersized and somewhat weakly stature. At the same time he was well versed in many arts.

In the Icelandic accounts we hear several times of the gathering of grapes, with which the skippers trading with the western land freighted their vessels. Building wood, called *Mösur*, is also mentioned. It seems to have been held so precious in Germany that a merchant from Bremen offered a surprisingly large amount of gold for an unimportant house implement made of such wood.

After Leif Erikson, his brother, Thorwald, who had not been

satisfied with the exploration of the discovered country, resolved upon an expedition of his own. He took with him thirty men, using the ship his brother had lent him, and following the advice and instruction of Leif. Thorwald found the wooden huts (*Leifs-Budir*) which the latter had constructed, and made further searches in a well-wooded region. It appears that he investigated the coasts of Connecticut and New York, perhaps even of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Traces of human presence he did not find, except a corn-stack. Sailing eastward, and then again northward, he came to a cape which the Norsemen called Kjalarnes—probably on account of its likeness to a keel, or longboat. It was, no doubt, the present Cape Cod, in the State of Massachusetts, which may be likened, as regards its form, to an old Norse ship, with its peculiar bow.

Then Thorwald Erikson exclaimed: "Here it is beautiful. Here I should wish to make my abode!" A hostile conflict arose, however, with the natives. Eight of them were killed; the ninth escaped. Thereupon a vast number of them appeared from the bay. They had boats made of hide, and peculiar javelins, the description of which quite fits in with the canoes and the weapons still used by the Eskimo of to-day. For they were not Red-skins who then dwelt in those parts of America, but Eskimo—a race which, as before stated, arrived in Greenland only in the fourteenth century,

A third son of Erik the Red, Thorstein, who still held to the faith of his forefathers, and would not forsake his belief in Odin, Thor, Freyr, and Freyja, started on a voyage, with his wife Gudrid, with the object of landing in the New World. He used the same old craft in which Bjarne Herjulfsson, Leif Erikson, and Thorwald Erikson had embarked. Failing, however, to reach the Transatlantic coast he returned to Greenland, and died there.

After Thorstein's failure, we hear of Thorfinn Karlsefne, the offspring of an ancient family, who had great success. With two ships he had gone from Iceland to Greenland. There, with his companion, Snorre Thorbrandson, he celebrated the Yule festival in the manner of his forefathers, and then became smitten with love for Thorstein's widow, Gudrid. It was this doughty lady who urged him to seek the coast of the good Vinland.

This he did, in 1007, with three ships and one hundred and sixty men. It was, until then, the largest enterprise of that kind. Thorfinn Karlsefne visited Helluland, Markland, and Kjalarnes. He came to a

pathless and impassable coast whose long shore was covered with sand dunes (*strandir löngar og sandar*). Owing to its peculiar mirages, producing effects of delusion of the senses, the Northmen called it the "Wonder-Strand" (*furdhustrandir*). Similar optical deceptions, so frequent in the African Desert, Humboldt observed in the Pampas of Venezuela.

There were two Scottish people on board Karlsefne's vessel, man and wife, of the name of Hake and Hekja. The Scots, it may be brought to recollection, were originally immigrants into Ireland, which for some time, therefore, was called "Scotia." From Ireland they went to North Britain, which in its eastern part once bore the name of Caledonia, in its western part that of Albain. The designation of "Scotland" for North Britain only dates from the beginning of the eleventh century. From the Hibernian Irish people, who were partly of Iberian (non-Aryan), partly of Keltic origin, the Skots of old are clearly marked off, and from the names of their leaders a conclusion may be drawn as to their Germanic kinship, although later on they were Kelticised in speech. Hake and Hekja certainly point to such Teutonic kinship. They are well-known Norse names, to be found—as Haki and Hakon—in the Edda and in Scandinavian history.

At all events, the Scottish pair in question did good service during Thorfinn's expedition. They are described as having been extremely quick-footed, and so were set on shore with the request that they should go southward and gather intelligence about the country. With grapes and ears of wild wheat—that is manifestly maize or Indian corn—they came back. Then Thorfinn sailed to a bay where there was such a mass of eider ducks that it was nearly impossible to walk, on account of the number of eggs. This place the discoverers called Straumey (Stream Isle). A companion of Thorfinn Karlsefne, Thorhall, afterwards set sail northwards, in order to go to Vinland, whilst the leader of the expedition directed his own course southward. Driven to Iceland by a west wind, Thorhall, with nine of his crew, was made a captive. On his part, Karlsefne, with his one hundred and fifty men, arrived in a region where a river passed through a lake into the sea. There were islands in front. He found cornfields, sown by man's hand, and on higher parts wild vines.

Travellers in the last century still testified to the exceedingly large number of wild vines they had seen in Albany, nay, even as far as Canada. The grapes were only eaten when the frost had mellowed

them. Until then they were unfit for consumption. So, among others Peter Kalm reported, who travelled in America in 1749, as a Commissioner of the Swedish Academy. (See *Island, Hvitramannaland, Grönland und Vinland.* Von Karl Wilhelmi.)

With the Skraelings, or Eskimo, who in the spring of the year 1008 came in a large number of canoes, Karlsefne entered into commercial intercourse, raising a white shield as a sign of peace. The Eskimo showed themselves chiefly fond of red garments, for which they gave fur in exchange. Even for mere rags of red cloth, which the Northmen at last offered when their stock of garments had come to an end, the natives paid a great deal of fur. These rags they wound round their heads. Milk-food they also relished; for the discoverers had brought cattle with them. There was a steer among their cattle, whose bellowing so terrified the Skraelings that the Northmen used him afterwards in a fight in the same way as Pyrrhus had used elephants against the Romans. Swords and spears, which the natives would have liked to get from the Northmen, were, of course, denied to them.

In the following winter the Eskimo began hostilities. The red shield of war had to be raised against them. Their projectiles, among which there was one of a very ingenious make, proved so dangerous and destructive that the small troop of Northmen had to fly. Then Freydis, the natural daughter of Erik the Red, a lady far advanced in pregnancy, sneeringly exclaimed, "What! You bold men run away from these wights whom truly you might despatch like sheep! Had I a weapon, I think I would give a better account of them than any of you!" Thus she sought to spur the courage of the runaways; but they did not heed her taunts. With difficulty Freydis reached the forest, pursued by the natives, after having given another proof of her mettle by taking up the sword of one of her dead countrymen, Thorbrand Snorrason, and threatening her pursuers therewith. The bravery of this courageous, but—as a tragic event during another voyage to Vinland showed—also criminal woman was afterwards duly praised by Karlsefne. Still, the country being so hostile, the Northmen left it and went to Markland. There they captured two Eskimo boys, whom they baptised and instructed in the Norse language.

In America, Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein Erikson, and wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, gave birth to a son, Snorre. Karlsefne went back to Iceland, where he died. His widow, Gudrid, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and there became a nun. She must have given a full report about

Vinland, as the Pope, who had formerly appointed a bishop for Iceland and Greenland, now also appointed one for Vinland, transferring to him the ecclesiastical administration of the three countries named; and thus the last possible doubt as regards the discovery of North-eastern America by the Germanic Northmen is certainly set at rest, whatever we may think of some details or discrepancies in the *Saga* Chronicle. Erik Upsi was made Bishop of Iceland, Greenland and Vinland by Pope Paschal II., in 1112. Upsi himself went nine years afterwards, in 1121, to Vinland.

Enough has been said to make it clear that to a Northern Germanic race belongs the glory of having set foot upon the soil of America, and founded settlements there, in the early Middle Ages, five hundred years before Columbus. Further details may here be passed over.* When the freedom of Iceland, which was once a self-governing Commonwealth, perished, the spirit of bold enterprise, formerly so characteristic of her people, began to decline. It was only in the recollections contained in their *Saga* records that those inhabitants of the high north, living henceforth little in contact with the remainder of the world, still cherished the memory of their old Vinland adventurers.

But one day Columbus came to Iceland from Bristol. Towards the end of February, 1477, he landed at the harbour of Hvalfjartheyri, which then—as Rafn quotes from Finn Magnusen—was mostly visited by foreigners, especially English and Irish. In the biography of his father,† the son of Columbus testifies to the fact of his having been to the northern Thule. In ordinary circumstances the ice, in spring, offers the greatest difficulties to the approach of ships there, or rather makes it impossible. But in 1477 the landing was easy; for, as the chronicle of that year says, there was then quite unusually mild weather. "The earth was snowless" (*Thá var snjólans jörd*).

With the Bishop of Kalholt, and other learned men of the country, Columbus had a conversation in Latin, during which it would have been passing strange had he not heard from these Icelanders something about the Western continent. Rafn expresses his own opinion somewhat positively in these words: "Columbus, who in the year 1477 visited

* It is right to mention here a number of smaller or larger useful writings published on the subject, some years ago, by Miss Mary Brown (now Mrs. Shipley) and her husband, Mr. John Shipley. (*The Icelandic Discoveries of America; Leif Erikson; Suppressed Historical Facts; The English Rediscovery and Colonisation of America; The Full Significance of 1492.*)

† *Vita dell' Admiraglio Christophoro Columbo.* Venice, 1571.

Iceland himself, obtained, through a conversation in Latin—as far as he was able to carry it on with the priests and other learned men—a knowledge of that discovery; and this great man was thereby confirmed in his conjecture as to the existence of Western lands." (*Antiquitates Americanæ*, p. xxiv.) Malte-Brun, the geographer, who hailed from a Danish family in Jutland, but wrote in French, was also of opinion that Columbus must have heard of the Norse discovery of America.

Only one hundred and thirty years had passed—as Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson (*America Not Discovered by Columbus*) points out—since the last Norse expedition to Vinland had taken place, when Columbus appeared in Iceland and had the interview in question. "There were undoubtedly people still living," the author says, "whose grandfathers had crossed the Atlantic." I should say they must have known much more about those expeditions than Adam of Bremen knew in 1072. The descriptions were to be found in the literature of their country, which they, as learned men, were certainly acquainted with—not to speak of the Papal appointment of Bishops of Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland, a circumstance which came home to them as priests.

From Columbus himself we hear nothing about the conversation alluded to. But soon after, he exerted himself to get the means for a Western voyage, when he hoped to discover "new continents and islands." So it is stated in the curious agreement with King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, drawn up before he started on his voyage. The conclusion is thus forced upon us that in Iceland he had heard of the older discovery. And though his merit of the "rediscovery of the same continent," as Humboldt calls it, remains historically a decisive one, yet the first place of honour is to be claimed in the *Walhalla* of the discoverers of America for Leif Erikson, the Northman to whom a statue was raised some years ago in the United States, at Boston.

KARL BLIND.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

FEW writers have gained a place in literature by more strenuous effort than Douglas Jerrold. When a mere lad he had to fight his own battle, and before he was out of his teens he had determined to make the pen his sole means of support. As he himself tells us in the preface to the collected edition of his works, he began the world, self-helped and self-guided, at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers. In contemporary biography no page is more interesting than that which records his early struggles.

He was born on January 3rd, 1803. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was the manager of a country theatre at Cranbrook, in Kent; his mother, who was of Scotch descent, was a second wife. When Samuel Jerrold married her he was already so well advanced in age as to be older than his own mother-in-law. The marriage seems, however, to have been a happy one, and the young wife proved a real helpmate to her husband when in later days his powers failed and poverty came. At the commencement of 1807, Samuel Jerrold became the manager of the theatre at Sheerness, and he and his family took up their residence in that town. Here Douglas Jerrold passed his boyhood. He is said to have been particularly studious, but he was not long at school, for he soon had to enter upon the real duties of life. As a mere child he had already had some experience of the stage. He had played in *The Stranger*, *Pizarro*, and other pieces, and on one occasion Edmund Kean was the Rolla on whose shoulders he was borne in the once famous tragedy which Sheridan adapted from Kotzebue. But Douglas Jerrold at that time had no desire to be an actor. The sea had fascinated him as it has fascinated so many boys of spirit. He was fired, too, this daring youngster, not yet eleven years of age, by a patriotic desire to fight the French! Accordingly, on December 22nd, 1813, he joined the guardship *Namur* at the Nore as a first-class volunteer. His rank was that of midshipman.

Those were stirring war times just then, but only the mere echoes of war could have reached the guardship *Namur*. On board such a vessel there was nothing but routine duties to perform, and those for the most part of a very prosaic nature. The life had its amusements, certainly, for the young midshipmen, and of these Douglas Jerrold has given us a glimpse in one of his tales, *Jack Runnymede, the Man of Many Thanks*, and the glimpse is extremely amusing, all the scenes afloat being very vividly delineated. We may well believe, however, that he was not sorry when on April 24th, 1815, the order came for him to be transferred to his Majesty's brig *Ernest*. On board that vessel he really had a glimpse of active service. At one time she convoyed transports with troops and military stores to Ostend; at another time she cruised in the North Sea, and in July, 1815, she received in the Downs for conveyance to Sheerness some wounded soldiers from Waterloo. In the following October, however, the *Ernest* was paid off and the naval career of Douglas Jerrold abruptly came to an end. The young midshipman had been in his Majesty's service nearly two years.

During this period his father had met with misfortunes and was, indeed, a ruined man. The young wife now displayed the determination and energy which she, no doubt, derived from her Scotch blood. She went to London, accompanied by a younger brother of Douglas Jerrold, to see if anything could be done there, and at the end of the year the rest of the family followed. They arrived by the "Chatham boat" early in the morning of January 1st, 1816. Their first home—a very poor one—was in Broad-court, Bow-street. Those must have been anxious days for the family. Samuel Jerrold had done his work and could do no more. Everything devolved on his wife. Fortunately she had ability as well as vigour, and she soon succeeded in obtaining theatrical employment. Douglas Jerrold, too, who had now reached the age of thirteen, was apprenticed to a printer, so that he was put in a fair way to earn his own living. The boy had evidently had enough of the sea by this time; and his new occupation supplied him with congenial employment, for he had already determined to become an author. He took pride, therefore, in work which brought him, so to speak, into direct contact with literature. Young as he was, he knew his own mind and was thoroughly in earnest. In after years he used to say that no man had ever achieved greatness who did not at some period of his life rise at six o'clock in the morning. So this energetic lad rose with the dawn, and studied Latin before going to work. In his leisure he turned with

delight to Shakespeare, and borrowed Scott's novels from a library to read to his father when the labours of the day were over.

An anecdote is told of him which, although trivial in itself, significantly illustrates his own position and that of his family at this period When he brought home his first earnings he determined that they should be expended on a special dinner. He went out, purchased some steak, made a pie, took it to the baker's, and fetched it home. "Really," said his father afterwards, "the boy made the crust remarkably well." While the pie was baking the delighted lad went out again, and with the rest of his money borrowed a volume of Scott from the library to read to the old man.

After a while Douglas Jerrold was transferred to another printing office. The change led to important results. His new master edited and printed a newspaper called the *Sunday Monitor*. Douglas Jerrold sent to it, anonymously, a criticism on *Der Freischütz*. He had previously written some verses and these had been published in a magazine, but this was his first effort in prose. We can imagine his delight when his own article was handed to him to set up in type. Nay, more, the anonymous correspondent was asked to send other contributions. The literary career of the young printer may be said to have commenced that day. It was natural, considering his early surroundings, that Douglas Jerrold should turn his attention to the theatre. When a mere lad he had said to a friend of his father, an actor of some reputation in those days, "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you are sure to succeed, and I'll write a piece for you." He was as good as his word. He wrote the piece. This was in 1818, when he was only fifteen years of age. Three years afterwards it was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the title of *More Frightened than Hurt*. Thus did Douglas Jerrold commence his career as a dramatist.

He wrote, for the most part, on theatrical subjects, and produced dramatic works. For four of those works he once received £20. But he was beginning to feel his feet. When he was only one-and-twenty he married, and lived humbly enough, we may be sure, in Holborn. This was in 1824. In 1825, Douglas Jerrold, being now a recognised dramatic author, was engaged at a salary of a few pounds weekly to write pieces for the Coburg Theatre, afterwards known as the Victoria Theatre. It does not seem to have been a pleasant post, and after a time the dramatist threw it up in anger, and offered his services to the rival house, the Surrey Theatre. The "little Shakespeare in a camlet cloak," as

Douglas Jerrold was facetiously called at this period, was at once engaged, at a salary of £5 per week. His first work, produced on June 8th, 1829, was *Black Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs.*

The drama met with extraordinary success. It made the fortune of the Surrey Theatre, and while still being played there was actually borrowed by Covent Garden Theatre and produced as an after-piece. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who personated the character of William, was borrowed also, and passed from one house to the other every evening. *Black Eyed Susan* was afterwards brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, where it met with the same success. The piece, indeed, still holds possession of the stage. It did not put much money into the pocket of Douglas Jerrold, but it could not fail to add greatly to his reputation. It soon opened the doors to him of theatres of higher position. In a year or two he found his way to the Adelphi, then to Drury Lane, and at the latter house he gained another triumph early in 1832 with *The Rent Day*, suggested by Wilkie's well-known picture. All doors were now open to the young author: Covent Garden, the Haymarket, the Princess's in turn welcomed his works. In 1842 his witty and sparkling comedy, *Bubbles of the Day*, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre. On all sides it was considered a brilliant literary success. Charles Kemble said it had wit enough for three comedies, and the statement is no mere rhetorical exaggeration. Just before *Bubbles of the Day* was put upon the stage, *The Prisoner of War*, another comedy, was produced with much success by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane Theatre. Three years later, *Time Works Wonders* was played for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre. "It met," says his son, "with a most enthusiastic reception from an audience that included nearly all the literary men then in London. It ran—filling the theatre and bringing fortune to the manager—about ninety nights." In those days this was success indeed! *Retired from Business* followed, a year or two afterwards, and *A Heart of Gold* was brought out at the Princess's Theatre in 1854, it being the author's last contribution to the stage.

While Douglas Jerrold was writing for the stage his pen was busy in almost every other kind of literary work. He very soon became a contributor to the leading magazines of the day, *Blackwood*, *The New Monthly*, &c., and to various newspapers. Some of these early writings were collected into three volumes and published in 1838 under the title of *Men of Character*. This was his first work. An interesting fact in connection with it is that the illustrations were by Thackeray, who was

then endeavouring to become known as an artist. Three years later, *Punch* was started, and Douglas Jerrold became one of its most famous contributors. He wrote in it "Punch's Letters to his Son," "Punch's Complete Letter Writer," "The Story of a Feather," and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures." The success of the last-named work was very great as the chapters appeared week by week. Mrs. Caudle was universally recognised as a portrait from the life, and her Lectures became a topic of pleasant conversation in every family, and in every social gathering where light literature was welcomed. While regularly contributing to *Punch* Douglas Jerrold was busy with other work. A collection of his miscellaneous writings, consisting of stories and essays, under the title of *Cakes and Ale*, was published in 1842. This was followed by the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, a work which the author seems to have regarded with especial fondness. Then came a powerful but unequal story, *St. Giles and St. James*, and afterwards the strange allegory, *A Man Made of Money*.

Douglas Jerrold had long gained a very wide reputation in literature, and took rank with the foremost authors of the day. Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold were the three names constantly linked together in popular appreciation, and one of the three had a gift not possessed by the others. Douglas Jerrold was a wit, a brilliant and a ready wit. Mr. Lewes says that probably no man ever equalled him in readiness of repartee. Mrs. Cowden Clarke says that he "would perceive the germ of a retort before you had well begun to form your sentence, and would bring it forth in full blossom the instant you had done speaking." Even now fresh illustrations of his wit are given to us from time to time by our writers of memoirs. A recent critic, Mr. J. Logie Robertson, is indeed of opinion that it is his sayings, rather than his writings, which keep his name before the public.

Douglas Jerrold was now reaping the harvest of early and arduous toil. He was held in high esteem by his fellow workers in literature; he had a widely popular reputation; his income was large, and there was no specially severe strain upon his mental powers. But how severe it must have been previously! Many long years passed by before the poor and friendless printer's boy became a successfully established author; and what sustained effort, what firm determination, what unfaltering courage must have been needed during those years! A life is soon worn out by this ceaseless exertion. It was so with Douglas Jerrold. He died on June 8th, 1857, while only yet on the outer verge of middle

age. Dickens and Thackeray were two of his pall-bearers, and the funeral was imposing from the mere number of literary men who were present as mourners.

During the lifetime of Douglas Jerrold people took their cue from the current criticism of the day, and were accustomed to regard him as a snarling cynic, always in an ill humour with his fellow men. He felt this keenly. We have abundant testimony, however, that it was altogether an erroneous view of his disposition. Those who knew him best painted his portrait in very different colours. "To speak the plain truth," said Mr. Hepworth Dixon, one of his most intimate friends, "his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart." Mr. Forster, in his *Life of Charles Dickens*, says: "The keenest of satirists was one of the kindliest of men." And Dickens himself described him as "one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men." Douglas Jerrold was in truth open-hearted, open-handed, simple, sincere, outspoken in his unrestrained candour. The faults of his character might aptly be described as merits in excess. He was extremely sensitive and nervously impulsive. It took very little to rouse him, and when roused he was fiercely eager for the fray. This combative spirit is manifested in many of his works. He was always ready to attack abuses, to fight against injustice, to defend the poor and helpless. Douglas Jerrold had, in truth, a very noble nature, and was all too easily carried away by generous impulses he could not restrain. He was not likely under any circumstances to become rich. He was far too generous for that. When he died it was found that his family needed assistance. Those literary and artistic friends who had known him best lost no time in putting their shoulders to the wheel. Dickens was characteristically energetic. At his suggestion a programme of entertainments was drawn up and announced immediately after the funeral. He estimated that a sum of close upon £2,000 would be obtained, and the result did not fall short of his expectations. The "cynic" had drawn to himself troops of friends during life by his kindly heart and generous hand; they were true to his memory when death came.

Douglas Jerrold was accused of setting class against class by his writings, and it cannot be denied that the most moving passages in his works are those in which he depicts the sufferings of the poor and the harshness of the world towards them. It is these passages which explain the charge of bitterness so frequently brought against him. How keenly he resented that charge is known to all who have read his works. It

evidently wounded him deeply and filled his sensitive nature with acute pain, whether directed against himself or his writings. But in the latter case can it be altogether dismissed? People who speak bitterly speak in most cases from mere excess of feeling. It is much the same with Douglas Jerrold. In his indignation he spares no sarcasm to give effect to his invectives; he strives to the utmost to make each sentence as pointed as possible, nay, as one of his critics remarked, every word seems to have been specially sharpened before being used. He wrote, as Hawthorne says, with an honest and a manly purpose; he was thoroughly sincere; he earnestly desired to make the world better, to lighten its suffering, and give a nobler dignity to life. But like Carlyle he lacked the higher qualities of the teacher: gentleness, forbearance, patience. He was too impulsive, too eager, too desirous of enforcing his views with peremptory sternness. An author who sees scarcely anything but the imperfections of human nature and the injustice of the world, who is so severe upon our faults, and who shows so little indulgence for our weakness, seems to take up a position outside the range of our sympathies, and thus alienates himself from his fellow men. There can be no doubt that Douglas Jerrold's writings fail of their full effect from this cause. We feel that we are not so black as we are painted; that the world is not so selfish, so mean, and so cruel as the satirist represents.

Douglas Jerrold was never as widely popular as Dickens, but during his lifetime his reputation had spread so far that he had many readers and many ardent admirers. When he died it was felt that there was a public loss. Since then his influence as a writer seems to have passed away year by year. Edition after edition of the works of his two contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray, has been issued since the death of those authors, and the reputation of Thackeray has certainly risen higher and seems to rest on a broader basis than before. Of Douglas Jerrold the same cannot be said. Some of his writings reappear from time to time, and quite recently an early satire, *The Handbook of Swindling*, was reprinted in the Camelot Series, with an introduction by Mr. Walter Jerrold. But no complete edition of his works has appeared since his death, more than thirty years ago. It is impossible to resist the inference that they are no longer generally read. They have secured a place in our literature; but it is not the place their author strove to reach.

EDWARD COPPING.

ACTORS AND AUDIENCES, FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

WHEN Molière died, in 1673, he left his company established in the right wing of the Palais Royal, at the corner of the Rues de Valois and St. Honoré. At that time, the Comédie Française, in spite of the wonderful talent which was included in its ranks, was in a very precarious condition. Troubles without end, brought about by the clergy, by broken promises, and by ill-timed harshness, were impelling it on the road to ruin.

A great change has taken place since then, and many historians have asked the question—as I ask it myself—whether the baleful *régime* of which I speak, inimical as it was to the dignity of the artistic body, did not offer in exchange great advantages to art itself, by its freedom, at that time, from that fever of speculation which is one of the most potent causes of the decay of our stage.

One night the Prince de S——, a frequenter of our *foyer*, asked me why there were so many actors and so few comedians. I replied that, at any rate, whenever a new piece was presented, interpreters were found for it. To establish this proposition it is enough to glance at the theatrical world of the romantic epoch of 1830. What authors there were! what comedians! and—most important of all—what a public! For it is a great mistake to call a more or less compact mass of spectators, who merely represent a "taking" of so many thousand francs, a "public." No: the true public which makes or unmakes reputations is composed of men of taste, of earnest and critical amateurs, to whom the theatre is a passion and not a mere relaxation—the public, in short, which fights with ardour for or against a verse of Hugo. During every visit to England I have been struck by the difference between the English public and our own. The French public catches up a point or a situation with greater quickness, perhaps with more subtlety of humour, but its essentially critical temperament does not always allow it to appreciate

the tender, sometimes artless, side of certain situations. By its internal chuckles it spoils a pleasure which it might obtain with greater reality if it were, so to speak, less clever.

Alexandre Dumas has said in his beautiful play, *Antony:* "The spectator who would follow with an actor the development of the passions can follow only so far as the limitations of his own nature permit." It is a statement the truth of which I have often experienced myself, for when the situation has once been developed it seems as if the spectator and the actor are in perfect communion—thanks to that invisible chain which is called interest; once let that interest diminish and the chain becomes weakened; should indifference bring with it its sworn comrade, boredom, the chain will break. There is yet another reason why the Parisian public are often discontented and disappointed spectators. I have mentioned one point—that the strength of the impression produced by the author draws from his audience all the sense of tenderness or passion with which nature has endowed it. Consequently it forms in its own mind a strong, if unconscious, determination; namely, to construct according to its temperament, its moral tendency, its desires, its tastes, a piece of a different character from that actually before it, and thus to create a *dénouement* for its own satisfaction of which the author has never thought. Hence arises lively disappointment; the audience preferring—much preferring—the piece which it imagines to that which the author has conceived. Hence I might formulate this axiom: there are as many *dénouements* as spectators. As an instance I will quote the words of a servant whom I had sent to see *The Lyons Mail.*

"Well," I said to him, next day, "did you believe Lesurques guilty?"

"Certainly," he answered; "he is the same man in disguise."

Here was a *dénouement* which was certainly never foreseen by the authors of this play, which was written expressly to aid in the rehabilitation of Lesurques!

The mention of this character leads me to England by affording me an opportunity here of expressing to Irving the unbounded admiration I feel for his superb rendering of the parts of Dubosc and Lesurques.

I return to the comparison which I am drawing between the English and the French publics.

The English playgoer comes to the theatre with a faith in it, and with no preconceived ideas. He wishes to be amused or interested. He

is satisfied with the fare which is to be put before him; he does not dream of anything further, nor wish to be more clever than the author; he accepts in perfect good faith the latter's conclusions—that is to say, his *dénouement.*

In 1871, when the Comédie Française was in London and I had a free evening, I studied my 'cross-channel comrades. Thus I had the good fortune to see several times a little comedy which was being played by my friend Bancroft, then the manager of that delightful theatre, the Prince of Wales's. The scene of this piece was laid in a park on a gloomy autumn day; the rain and the wind were bringing down the yellow leaves from the trees, and in the midst of this scene, very gracefully and very simply, two lovers were squatting under an umbrella and saying a thousand pretty things to each other. It was a delicious piece of acting, and the public applauded it to the echo. With us this would be impossible, except, perhaps, at the Théâtre Libre. But in an orthodox theatre one would hear laughter and whisperings, and somebody would say, "What an absurd idea! fancy making love under an umbrella," and a thousand other small witticisms.

In another comedy (*Ours*) played at the same theatre, a very talented actress, of great note on our side of the Channel, Mrs. Bancroft, used to make a pudding with her own fair hands, while a serious comedy scene was being played, and the public, who knew well enough that nothing turned on the pudding, kept its eyes fixed on the cunning confection, although it did not in any way heighten the interest of the situation. With us a critic would have been bound to say next day, "We don't go to the theatre to see cooking done." Yet there is art in it all; in different measure, perhaps, but there it is, under the umbrella which seems so ridiculous to us, and in the white flour and chopped raisins which rolled under the taper fingers of Mrs. Bancroft.

I must say a word of the naturalism which prevails in the *mise en scène* of English theatres, and I may, perhaps, be permitted to mention here that when our colleague Fechter took the management of the Lyceum he was the first to bestow the same care and the same historical accuracy on the *mise en scène* as on the costumes and accessories. I am happy and proud to make this claim to honour for my dear and lamented colleague, the peerless creator of the *Dame aux Camélias* in Paris, and of the *Corsican Brothers* and *Pauline* in London.

As to the difference which exists between the position occupied by French and English comedians, I can only say that the latter, when he

has attained success, occupies a vastly superior position to the most fortunate among us. M. Samson and M. Régnier have never earned the immense sums realised by Mr. Sothern—a second-rate artist, if I may trust the critics and his former colleagues. Furthermore, in England no prejudice attaches to the career of a dramatic artist, the most striking proof of which is that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to accept an invitation to breakfast with the Bancrofts. And talking of that—but no! let us get back to our *mise en scène*. It is an art which is developing every day, and which occupies a large place in the success of modern works, for it is not merely a matter of arranging the furniture, the properties, the business, the entrances and the exits, but of throwing light by every means at hand on a situation, and often of concealing the lack of one. The more scenery there is the more is the action diversified.

M. Montigny, the late manager of the Gymnase, was in this matter a master incontestable and uncontested. His principle was first of all to encumber the whole scene with furniture and properties: he took upon himself the task of helping the actor to disentangle himself from this mass of huddled nick-nacks. Thanks to the science which Montigny possessed in so marked a degree, order was established little by little, and the chaos which at first seemed to be a hindrance to the movement of the characters became a pretext sometimes for a telling attitude, sometimes for ingenious business. It came, as one might say, sometimes by design, but more often by accident.

Every dramatic author has his own peculiar way of dealing with this matter. Emile Augier had the greatest contempt for what he called "running round the furniture." He tolerated scenery, but did not desire it. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, without any prejudice either for or against, has utilised it to obtain some wonderful effects by making it subservient to the elucidation of his situations—but always by the most simple means, for he has in everything a great horror of mannerism. Octave Feuillet, with his indifference to all movement, was content to indicate in an admirable manner the dress and the speech of his characters—but then what a reader he was! There are some of his pieces which were far better as read by him than as played by us. Sardou is the master of all—for he is at once a matchless stage manager and a comedian of the highest order.

What an advance has been made in comfort between the days of Molière and the present time, when the spectator who to-day penetrates

into the house in the Rue Richelieu, after admiring the vast stage, can enjoy the use of the public *foyer*, unique of its kind, where so many various masterpieces have been collected! What an advance from the cressets or chandeliers filled with dips on ordinary occasions and with wax candles when the King did his comedians the honour to visit them!

Facing the *foyer* is a door where stands an usher. Be so good as to enter, dear reader, and here we are within the temple of Melpomene and Thalia. This corridor, which we are about to traverse, hung with portraits, leads to the abode of the general manager. We continue our walk, and here we are in the committee room. The members of the Reading Committee are met round a large table covered with a green cloth: M. Jules Claretie, the general manager; M. Got, *doyen;* the humble author of this paper, *vice-doyen;* MM. Mounet-Sully, Worms, Laroche, Coquelin *cadet;* and three supplementary members, MM. Prudhon, Silvain, and Barttet.

The piece has just been read to the committee by the author himself who retires, while its merits are being canvassed, to the general manager's room. Then the members will give their opinion in order of precedence, a general discussion will ensue, and finally a vote will be taken. The general manager directs the voting if any take place. His vote assures the reception or refusal of the piece presented. Each member records his vote on a form, signs it, and when the result has been ascertained, the general manager withdraws to his room and conveys to the author the decision of the committee.

In this same room the affairs of the society are discussed by what is known as the committee of administration. This committee is composed of MM. Jules Claretie, Got, Febvre, Mounet-Sully, Worms, Laroche, Coquelin *cadet*, with MM. Prudhon and Silvain as supplementary members. Part of its business is to decide on the admission of merely salaried members as members of the society, that is to say, as partners.

Prior to 1833 the artists of the Comédie Française had the administration of their affairs in their own hands, taking turn and turn about, under the authority of the Minister of the Interior and of the Intendance des Ménus Plaisirs. The first manager was M. Jouslin de la Salle, who was appointed in June, 1833; M. Védel succeeded him in 1837. In 1838 he was replaced by M. Buloz,* who was called first Royal Com-

* Founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

missioner, and then, in 1847, general manager. In 1848 M. Lockroy, the father of a Deputy of to-day, replaced M. Buloz. At the end of the same year M. Edmund Séveste took M. Lockroy's place, but with the title of Registrar-General of the Society. In November, 1849, M. Arsène Houssaye undertook the management, while M. Empis succeeded him on February 1st, 1856, and held the position up to the arrival of M. Thierry in 1859. Then came M. Emile Perrin, who held it till July 9th, 1871, and at his decease, M. Jules Claretie was entrusted with the duties, which he still discharges. It was M. Perrin who divested the Comédie of its somewhat *bourgeois* attractions, and endued it with an absolutely modern garb.

He instituted the Tuesday subscription nights, which met with such success that it became necessary to establish another series on Thursdays. This happy thought was the means of attracting audiences to the Rue Richelieu which hitherto had only come when there was a thoroughly established success. The disappearance of the Théâtre Italien and the burning of the Opera so favoured these two experiments that the fortunes of the Comédie took a new lease from that day, and even to-day the subscribers to the Thursday series have to wait a long while before being admitted to the Tuesday list.

The management of M. Perrin has been reproached with not having looked sufficiently to the future. There is some truth in the accusation, but he was a clever manager, and one who possessed the confidence of the public and of authors—confidence and credit which he owed to thirty years of success. He had one masterly quality: at rehearsal he put himself in the place of the public, and judged by his own impressions without regarding in his criticisms the position or the talents of the artists who were rehearsing before him. He had a refined taste, a great sense of fitness, and a keen scent for success; but he was so fond of success as to expect it always. He was not a stage manager in the precise sense which has become attached to the word; he left a certain freedom of action to those who enjoyed his confidence, but he was jealously tenacious of his authority on all points connected with decoration, furniture, or costume. And seeing that we are talking of rehearsals and the way they are conducted in "the house of Molière," I am bound to say that the work, though conscientious, is a trifle slow. A little slackness in the discipline of some, a little fatigue or apathy on the part of others, all sorts of diplomacy to guard against disturbing the frail and

unstable equilibrium between manager and managed—these causes and many others sometimes cause grievous loss of time. It must be allowed, too, that the position of the general manager is full of difficulty. Formerly there were no railways, and certain escapades which now take place were stopped by the obstacle of distance. But to-day the resources of science have abolished this safeguard. M. Claretie cannot place every artist who carries his passion for locomotion and change further than is convenient under the charge of a gendarme. Another cause of the slowness of the rehearsals is the desire never to give a work in public until a perfect interpretation has been secured.

This charming house of Molière's has many enemies, but in spite of all, however, the public love the Comédie Française. Stronger than spiteful envy and contemptible slander, it holds its place. Strenuously attacked by some, defended by a few faithful friends, it pursues its way. It has lasted since 1680—how many theatres can say as much? Speaking of the Vaudeville, or the Variétés, or the Gymnase, one says, "I am going to see Dupuis, Baron, or Madame Hading to-night"—when one goes to the Rue Richelieu, one says simply, "I am going to the Comédie Française to-night." This is part of its strength. No "stars," no startling phenomenon; experience has shown all that to be useless. The real true way to provide for the future is not to be eternally rummaging in the past. I have often been struck with one quality which exists in our establishment, namely, artistic fairness. The mutual relations of our artists may sometimes be momentarily strained—and it could hardly be otherwise in the one profession in which personal qualities play the all-important part—but where the common work is concerned, one is surprised to see comedians of the most assured reputation giving one another and *receiving* advice like young beginners; and one may say without fear of contradiction that although the members may have their differences on certain points (but only on those of minor importance), yet they are unanimous and solid on all that touches the flag of the House.

Our members have lately been reproached with holding aloof from the Naturalistic movement, but is this really their fault? Is not their early training, their classical *répertoire*, the difficult and perilous trust of which they are the virtual custodians, a bar to the slightly meretricious displays of modern art?—besides, one only needs to witness their interpretation of certain new works to be convinced that they take abundant pains not to be left behind, although they will not rush head-

long on a path which the public follows with trouble and even with regret.

To my mind one of the causes—and an important one—of the crisis through which we are passing at the present time is the extravagant number of so-called "Professors of Elocution" in Paris. This abuse does not exist, I think, in England. People often say that a man may be a bad actor and yet give excellent advice. I am not thoroughly convinced of the truth of this maxim, and I am confirmed in my scepticism by the fact that I know many actors who, if it be true, have no excuse for not turning out excellent pupils. One professor, whose name I refrain from mentioning, seems to instruct his pupils on the following system: In the daytime he teaches them how to act; at night, when he plays before them, he gives a clever demonstration of *how not to do it*. The Conservatoire, which was called in 1763 a "storehouse for pupils" and of which Mdlle. Clairon was the ingenious inventor, is about to undergo happy working modifications in its methods. When one gives the list of its professors, Got, Delaunay, and Worms, and of their illustrious predecessors, Monvel, the father of Mdlle. Mars, Dugazon, Fleury, Dazincourt, Talma, Lafon, one cannot help thinking what pupils such masters ought to turn out. I am aware that in their day one did not catch stage-fever like a cold, and that in devoting oneself to an art the last word of which will never be spoken, one was obeying a call—which is not quite the same thing as practising a profession.

Costume has made a vast stride in the direction of accuracy of late years, and now can claim to be considered a truthful reproduction of history. Look, for instance, at the dresses in *Macbeth*, *Faust*, or *Henry VIII.*, at the Lyceum in London, and of Henry III. and his court, of *Hamlet* and *Grisellidis*, in Paris.

Certain costumes seem to be definitely adapted for certain kinds of pieces. That of the epoch of Louis XIV. lends itself wonderfully well to works of sympathetic tendencies; comedy is admirably suited to the epoch of Louis XV. and the Regency; historical melodrama finds a suitable setting in the trappings of the reign of Louis XIII. and of the Middle Ages; the costume of Louis XVI. is ear-marked for domestic pieces; for quasi-character pieces that of the First Empire is used with success. The most difficult dress to carry is unquestionably the embroidered coat and knee breeches, since it requires natural elegance and an easy bearing.

The comedians who preceded us in the Rue Richelieu were in many

respects more favoured than we. The *foyer* of the Comédie Française was under the Second Empire a sort of literary and artistic *salon* of the "upper ten." Strangers of high distinction considered it a mark of honour to be admitted. There the artists had before their eyes models of good breeding and true elegance from which they could draw invaluable lessons. It may be guessed from this what the *foyer* was in the last century. But, alas! nowadays, when, with a few exceptions, fashion has levelled all classes, and the height of elegance is modestly hidden beneath the brotherly black coat, French ease of manner has given place to a certain stiffness which is styled "correct."

One evening in 1871, during the Commune, we had the honour of dining with Lord Granville—that London Parisian. I was extolling the distinguished bearing of our poor colleague Bressant to Her Gracious Majesty's Foreign Minister. "Oh, Bressant is not *distingué*," answered Lord Granville. "Do you not think so, my lord?' "No; Lafont is *distingué*, Bressant is *comme il faut*." The retort was unanswerable.

Another enemy to true distinction which has crept into our manners is what is known as *chic*. Now, *chic* is to distinction what slang is to language.

Talking of the lamented Lord Granville reminds me that Régnier, our popular *doyen*, told me that when Lord Granville came to him for lessons in speaking and pronunciation he asked him, not knowing who he was, "Whether he intended to play comedy?" "Something very like it," answered the diplomatist, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

One point must be observed. The language and bearing of a character should agree with the fashion of his dress. Could one present with due lightness the frivolity of the last century buck with one's legs encased in heavy boots on which the clanking spurs of a cavalier jingle? And, *per contra*, does the language of the camp fit buckled shoes? As I have often remarked, does the conversation of men of the world take the same tone when they are in boots and breeches as when they are in evening dress? Certainly not!

I was speaking just now of the artists' *foyer*, where so much wit was dispensed—not always charitable wit, it is true; but at any rate men *talked* in those days, while nowadays they scarcely *speak*. Oh, for the good old times when, during the evil days of the Revolution, a certain comedian who was wearing his hat while talking to a gentleman, drew down upon himself this delicate and cutting lesson in manners! "Ah, monsieur," said the

gentleman, "I cannot permit you to speak to me in that tone *now that all men are equal.*" I myself heard a very prettily expressed saying from a very pretty mouth. It was on the night of the first performance of Alexandre Dumas' *L'Etrangère;* my comrades and I were all sitting in corners, with a certain seriousness depicted on our faces. Marshal Canrobert entered the *foyer*, and after having exchanged greetings, he walked to the fireplace—it was a very cold evening. After an interval, struck with the silence which reigned around him, he cried, "What's the matter with you all? You don't seem happy this evening." "We are a little oppressed," replied some one; "we are on the eve of a great battle." "Say a great victory," retorted the Marshal; "victory is a foregone conclusion with you. But still I don't understand—" "Well, since you want to know," broke in Madeleine Brohan, "fear keeps us silent." "Fear?" repeated the Marshal, as if seeking the meaning of the word. "Exactly," said Madeleine; and, ringing for an attendant, she said as he came in, "Picard, a dictionary for the Marshal." A truly delightful *mot.* It was in the *foyer*, too, that Dumas *fils* uttered one of the most charming *mots* possible. Someone was talking of the extravagance of his father, who, after having earned millions, went out of the world without a halfpenny. "Yes," replied Alexandre, "my father is a big baby whom I got when I was very small."

In taking leave of the *foyer* I cannot resist retailing a personal incident. One evening we were playing Octave Feuillet's *Le Sphinx.* In this piece I played the part of a rich, fashionable, amusing Englishman. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the performance. I had had the pleasure of doing the honours of our house to his Royal Highness several times previously, and he desired, in his never-failing good-nature, to give me a mark of his approval. After the second act he entered the artists' *foyer*, to which his presence had attracted a crowd of visitors, and, in the presence of everybody, his Royal Highness was good enough to say to me, "My sincere congratulations, my dear M. Febvre. I am delighted with your Englishman of the period, and I am personally grateful to you for not having made him speak with that indescribable accent which it is customary to employ in such cases. You have paid us a delicate compliment by making him express himself in most correct French." "I had such good models," I replied, with a bow, "that I had only to keep them in mind." The Prince bowed slightly in his turn and said: "There is only one thing to which I can take exception—and that is merely a detail of your toilet—your cane! Your cane

is not good. Will you do me the pleasure of accepting mine?" So saying his Royal Highness offered me the Malacca which he held in his hand, and which I knew he had always used during his travels in India. As he withdrew the Prince added, "You will use it on the stage." In the next act, in obedience to his Royal Highness's wish, I did the honours of my precious souvenir from the Heir of England in public. When the papers told this little story the next day I had to barricade my door against the numerous would-be purchasers.

When I visited England again the following year, and had the honour of paying my respects to his Royal Highness, he asked me, smiling, "Have you brought the cane?" "The cane rests after its travels on two velvet supports, which bear the arms of England. It is safe from envious hands in my country house, and I treasure it as a glorious witness of the generous sympathy which your Royal Highness has ever evinced towards me." Since that time I have often heard, as I entered a room, this remark from someone who is pointing me out, "That's the man who has the cane."

This is an inexhaustible subject, but I do not wish to abuse the patience of my readers any longer. It is said that all writings which bear an artist's signature have a special attraction for the public; but alas! I greatly fear that only among a small circle of readers can one hope to find those happy beings who have had the wisdom to preserve their illusions, and who have not, like big children, broken their doll to see what is inside; or, in other words, discovered at any cost all that goes on behind the scenes. Thanks to special correspondents and to photography, the whole of one side of the theatre is known to the public, and the charm of mystery is vanishing every day. Therefore I am tempted, like others of my generation, to cry "The good old days." But on reflection I say, "No; it was youth, with its generous illusions, its ambitious plans, its dreams of glory, made those old days seem good. With age came the fatal blunder—the desire to take our place in society—which opened the door a crack with one hand, and with the other ruthlessly loosened the fastenings of our mask, and showed to the wondering onlookers, instead of mouthing votaries of Melpomene, merely the plain faces of burgher mannikins—their glamour gone. I see, I feel, that we have lost in originality what we have gained in estimation, and I ask myself, "Were things worse in the old time; are they better to-day?" and not daring to pronounce an opinion, I say with Hamlet, "That is the question."

FRÉDÉRIC FEBVRE.

LITERATURE.

BOOKS are by no means in fashion this month, unless they are very old and in tongues not understanded of the people. There is a certain actuality about the *Biblia Pauperum*, a work which must have stirred in its cere-clothes with surprise at having its name flung from the trumpets of such a cohort of journalists. It would be comfortable in this hot weather to stir the silence in some alcove of the Althorp Library before it becomes the Rylands Library, and hear what the ghosts of reading Spencers have to say to one another as they make ready to pack for oblivion or for Manchester. This should be the place for some excellent reflections on the good fortune by which this noble collection is preserved for England, and on the happy democratisation of these aristocratic books. Others must, and will, make these reflections instead of me. I am pleased, but not so lyrically as the newspapers are. Doubtless it will be a delightful thing to have all those Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes at the beck of the proletariat, to whom all rare and beautiful things are ultimately bound. But to me, personally, if I should chance to want to refer to one of them, it will be as far from me as ever, and somebody will probably have borrowed it. Meanwhile, one more vague romance is knocked on the head. Althorp was the enchanted paradise of books. To one's vague dream it was the mystic citadel of inaccessible bibliography. All books were there, one fancied, all the known ones, and plenty that were unknown, unique editions which had fled thither to hide in its innermost recesses. Nobody could see them, and that was a very good thing, for there are millions of books in other places, and very few of them are ever opened. Here at least the love of books was a sleeping beauty in a palace of suspended action, and one fancied that some day a young Spencer might be born with the old literary passion of his family, and Althorp come to life again, with clanging bells and barking dogs. I hope Manchester may appreciate

Mrs. Rylands' noble gift, but when you want a great song for your Caxtons set free, let no man look to me.

The book of the month is *The New House of Commons* (Macmillan and Co.), and it is of little use to try to compete with the interest excited by "statistical analysis of previous polls," and the osteology of politics generally. Yet once away from the heady atmosphere of St. Stephen's, I should think that even the keenest politician would throw aside his Hansard and take to a kindlier reading. In this golden month of September, when all things are mellow and somnolent in the rich decline of summer, do you not want a book of poems full of garden fancies and quaint conceits about flowery pastures? If so, hasten to provide yourselves with the two new volumes in Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's *Muses' Library*, which deal with the works in verse of Mr. Andrew Marvell. You may thus seem to combine literature with politics, since he was once M.P. for the borough of Hull. (May your luck, however, be greater than mine, for, through bad stitching, handfuls of the pages come out of my copy whenever I open my book.) You will make acquaintance, if by chance you do not know him already, with the latest of the romantic poets of the seventeenth century, the last who preserved some echo of Shakespeare's wood-notes wild. It has been a little the misfortune of Marvell that he comes between two periods. When his lyrics were originally printed, England was already entirely given up to classicism and the heroic couplet, and it was not until a fresh revival of romanticism came that Marvell began to be comprehended.

Certain pieces by Marvell are universally known, and figure in all the anthologies. Even the "schoolboy," I suppose, has some vague recollection of the "Horatian Ode," and knows who it was who

> Nothing common did, or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene,
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try.

Mr. Palgrave has given universal currency to "Bermudas" and "The Garden"; but although these three pieces are indeed enough to constitute an immortality, I think but few readers have had the curiosity to go further. The pretext has been the rarity of Marvell's poems, an excuse which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have now rendered void and vain.

In these days we have too much of everything, too many poems, among other things, and too many notes about them, and too great a

display of arid and desultory knowledge on the part of editors. I do not urge my readers to study these two volumes of Marvell's poems from cover to cover; if they do so, they will meet with much that is insipid and more that is unseemly, and much literary labour that is not literature. But there is one little cluster of pieces here, all composed in the poet's early youth, in the precincts of a single house, in the aroma of a single presence, which will thoroughly repay any lover of what is delicately odd. In 1650, when Marvell was twenty-nine, he was taken by the great Lord Fairfax to his house at Nunappleton to be tutor to his daughter, a little maid then in her twelfth year. This Nunappleton was a mansion romantically situated at the point where the Wharfe meets the Ouse, in Yorkshire, and was built in the midst of a lovely garden, opening into a vast park, on the ruins of a Cistercian nunnery. If the reader takes the first hundred pages of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's edition, he will hold the poems written by Marvell while he was Mary Fairfax's tutor; with a very few exceptions, he may let the rest of the two volumes remain unopened. He will learn, from this century of pages, what volleys of innocent conceits, in what charming and elastic verse, the young idler in the pastures of Nunappleton could fire off. He will find him particularly happy in all his allusions to mowing, and will compare his studies of that art in verse with what in our own day Fred Walker has produced in painting and Mr. Thornycroft in sculpture. This is what he says in one place:—

> No scene, that turns with engines strange,
> Does oftener than these meadows change;
> For when the sun the grass hath vexed,
> The tawny mowers enter next,
> Who seem, like Israelites, to be
> Walking on foot through a green sea.
> To them the grassy deeps divide,
> And crowd a lane to either side;
> With whistling scythe and elbow strong
> These massacre the grass along.

Is this not vivid and of the true spirit of pastoral? But there are many other passages not a whit less charming, and some that are even more remarkable for the use of the brilliant, new, and right word, as when he speaks of "the sapphire-wingèd mist" flitting across his beloved meadows at shut of eve. It is incomprehensible that the man who could write these exquisite and original lyrics should have degenerated

in a very few years into the raucous satirist who has left, for our confusion, some of the dirtiest and the roughest lampoons to be found in English. The poet in Andrew Marvell was of a poor constitution, and died early of political phthisis.

By far the best novel of the month seems to be Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *Aunt Anne* (Bentley). The wilderness of feminine fiction is wont to be barren enough; the loves of the curate and the governess, now running smooth, now perturbed, prove as a rule its only interest, "and make," as Jemmy Thomson hath it, "new tiresome parties for the coming night." But Mrs. Clifford cares for none of these things; conventional characters irritate her sense of originality; formal situations offend an eye which is always searching for true pathos and genuine humour. She has already shown us that her fingers can close on the pulse of her subject with no uncertain touch, and in *Aunt Anne* she has surpassed herself in her own domain. She gives us the story of an old, wrinkled widow, unattractive indeed in her rusty black dress and thread gloves, who squanders all the possibilities of her love on a young man under thirty—an unprincipled fortune-hunter, whose sordid passion she never suspects. Such a heroine may sound uninviting, but as a matter of fact she offers a hundred claims to our interest. Her soft-hearted disregard for common-sense, her impecunious dignity, her impossible housekeeping, and the girlish love which she gives as simply and naturally as a little maid of twenty—all these are characteristics drawn with a tender and affectionate solicitude. Aunt Anne divines the treachery of her husband at last: he is not only bent on acquiring her prospective fortune, the possibility of which is unknown to her, but he is even already married to a common daughter of the people. The discovery of his meanness transmutes her at a touch; the soft and yielding will stiffens into determination; she is dignified, unflinching, inexorable. It is only when she has turned the man from the house which she had toiled to pay for that her spirit breaks down, and the purpose of her life is over. Here is pathos of the purest kind, but its delicacy is rather heightened than diminished by the author's sense of humour. There are moments when Aunt Anne appears as a heroine, there are others when we know her for a weak, irrational old woman. But in her weakness and strength alike she is eminently sympathetic, and the pitiful error of her love-story is far tenderer reading than the ordinary tale of boy and girl under the fir-trees of the tennis-court. There is a peculiar sadness of possibility unfulfilled, of desire and hope restrained by age, which

almost compels our tears. When her husband begins to slight her, the truth of her own shortcomings breaks in upon her with a cruel reality.

"'I am old!' she cried; 'I am old, I am old'—and, with a quick movement, as if she felt a horror of herself, she hid her thin hands out of sight. 'I cannot bear it—I am old.'"

Even Mr. W. S. Gilbert might sympathise, and most of us, I hope, would rather weep than smile.

The story contains other characters, equally distinct and interesting. Mr. Wimple, the sneaking coward who wastes his wife's strength and income upon his idleness, is no less admirable than pretty, frivolous little Mrs. North, the *divorcée*, who combines an infinite capacity for physical love with a sincere sympathy with her less headstrong, more Puritanical neighbours. Finally, the Hibberts, man and wife, living by his energetic pen, happy in their narrow brick Paradise in Portland-road, are clever portraits of that class of labouring mind which the average novelist considers too uninteresting for a record. But here lies Mrs. Clifford's strength. To her nothing human is common or unclean; nothing that lives and suffers is a stranger to her sympathy. And in this her new novel she has crowned with the halo of her art the prim cap of elderly womanhood and the napless silk-hat of improvident youth. The lesson is no new one, but it cannot be repeated too often. To the true artist there are inspirations and even beauty in the dullest, most level landscape:

"Undreamed-of possibilities
In most unhopeful pictures."

If *The Story of a Penitent Soul* (Bentley) be the first work of its anonymous author, its publication is certainly an event of considerable interest. But I am inclined to believe, judging from internal evidence, that the writer is no novice, and that the momentary anonymity is set up as a veil to hide a rapid change of dress on the part of a more or less experienced performer. Who the author may be I cannot guess, nor would I if I could. But, as I finished the novel, I imagined—perhaps all too vainly—that I detected a female hand in the mode in which its strings are drawn together. The idea is virile, it is true, suggesting at intervals the force of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, for the plot turns around the mental and moral struggles of a young minister, whose better instincts are overpowered by the taint of hereditary passion and the knowledge of his own illegitimacy. Throughout four-fifths of its

course the suppressed passion is followed with a strength and energy that argue the author a man; but at the end the trail of the lady-novelist is over it. When the love of the principal actor is sated his mind becomes sentimental, breaks down into an impossible weakness, and babbles incoherently. If these last two chapters be forgiven, the story may be praised with little reserve. The middle-aged young lady will, perhaps, condemn it as unpleasant; but the unpleasantness, if indeed it be there at all, never degenerates into naturalism. A painful theme is delicately treated, but the delicacy permits no lack of strength. The six characters mainly concerned in the plot are vigorously and fearlessly delineated, so much so that we are inclined to forget that there is a certain absence of atmosphere and background. Instead, as it were, of moving across a stage set with rich and suitable scenery, the actors stand out like figures in a shadow pantomime, clear and distinct, yet inartistically isolated. But these faults are no more, I think, than the natural result of work executed in a world as yet unrealised—partial and pardonable failures in a very distinct success. I shall indeed be surprised if we do not find that the author of *A Penitent Soul* is to produce fiction of a far more considerable stamp than that of the wearisome fardels which Mr. Mudie's carriers bear weekly to their bourne at the circulating libraries of provincial cathedral towns. And even to those peaceful closes the change will be healthy rather than unpleasant!

Some people hope that as Byron was prevented from being King of Greece, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson will make it up to the quidnuncs by ascending the throne of Samoa. If these be his ambitions, he is losing no time in preparing a path to glory for himself by writing down the recent history of that island. But those must read *A Footnote to History* (Cassell's) who can. For me, the names are so extraordinary, the intrigues so remote and obscure, the whole business so limited to the area of a teacup, that not even Mr. Stevenson's beautiful periods can support me from chapter to chapter. Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee!

If I were a Frenchman it seems to me that *La Débâcle* of M. Zola (Charpentier) would seem the only book of the season, and that not on account of its literary impeccability, for it is far from perfect, but on account of its plaintive candour, its courage, its heroic effort to deal sincerely and deeply with a tremendous national crisis. Even to a foreigner it is of absorbing interest. In *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, Clotilde has to confess of the Minister at the close of their long political

duel that "il est d'une bien jolie force." It seems to me that the severest criticism must really at last acknowledge so much about M. Zola. If greatness be not required for these panoramic displays of masses of men in motion, for these successive episodes so clearly defined and vigorously manipulated, for this magnificent impression of breadth and magnitude, I know not what literary strength may be. I am not blind, I think, to the limitations of the method; I see that the figures are often types and not individuals; I am conscious, with irritation, as ever throughout the Rougon-Macquart series, that these novels are huge orreries, worked by machinery, in which the various constellations of personages come into light by turns, and may be expected mechanically. But this does not prevent each of these microcosms in succession from whirling me with it. A new novel of M. Zola's swallows me up. I descend into it, it closes over me, I live the tedious bitter life of its inmates, I bleed at heart with all their poignant history. No other novels now written, to my knowledge, in any part of the globe, have quite this power over me—always depressing, sometimes exasperating, but irresistibly fascinating in its imperative hold on the attention. M. Zola is the giant cuttle-fish of fiction, and I a mere whiting entangled in his tentacles. I cannot exactly pretend that I "like" his books, but "liking" hardly enters into the mutual relation.

La Débâcle may practically be divided into three portions, the first and last occupying together about one-sixth of the whole. The prologue is by far the least skilful and interesting division, and bears on the face of it a certain langour on the part of the author. It serves to introduce the personages of the 106th Regiment, who are to be the *dramatis personæ*, but this might have been done, one fancies, less clumsily than by this account of retreat from the Rhine, in the face of a visionary enemy, developing into a wild sweep of forced marches which bring our men round at last to Chalons and Vouziers. Then we descend into the valley of the Meuse, and the rest of the novel never strays from the fatal vicinity of Sedan, until we are foisted away to Paris and the Commune in a very unnatural epilogue. Once in view of the Prussians, M. Zola never, I think, sinks below his best average of work. As to the accuracy of the picture, how can a foreigner and a civilian judge? I notice that elderly generals write to the French newspapers and say that they have not read, and will not read, a line of the book, and that it is all as wrong as it can be. Something seems to tell me that it is tolerably right, that so far as the reconstruction of those dreadful weeks is concerned, no

chronicle will ever be, or could be, more exact. Perhaps Lord Wolseley, who has lately made a close personal survey of the ground, will tell us how it strikes him. Meanwhile the lay reader may well take *La Débâcle* for military gospel.

The carnage I but partly understand and wholly hate, nor are the manœuvres very lucid to an outsider. It is the depicting of average human beings under this unprecedented trial that absorbs me as I read. M. Zola has for once painted two entirely sympathetic characters, not to be matched, perhaps, anywhere else in his multifarious writings. The sergeant Jean, with his beautiful fidelity and simplicity, and the calm, rustic, delicate Henriette, are really revelations in the way of showing what M. Zola can do with thoroughly excellent people if he chooses. There is Maurice, practically the hero of the novel, but more vaguely depicted, more mechanically evolved, and useful mainly as a foil and a stimulant to Jean. The rest of the men of the regiment are more or less conventional types, rigidly presented in M. Zola's less fortunate manner. The bourgeois life in the house of M. Delahercle at Sedan is adroitly and humanly designed, and the manufacturer himself seems to me a happy creation, with his tempered selfishness, his civility, his passion for gossip, and his leniency to those who provide it.

In no previous book of the Rougon-Macquart series has M. Zola made such use as he might of the unselfish passion of friendship, so influential in our modern world, though so timidly handled by the novelists. But in *La Débâcle* it has to take its place, in the dearth of occasion for mere amatory sentiment. The comradeship of Jean and Maurice, indeed, is the central emotional interest of the book. It may be compared with that of Alan and David in *Kidnapped*, as a feeling born and nurtured in circumstances of a like harrowing nature. Mr. Stevenson is more subtle, M. Zola more simple and credible, but each picture is a very charming one. Both are perhaps exceeded by that extraordinarily vivid study of enthusiastic friendship under arms, the episode of Lavergne and Gasq in *Les Va-Nu-Pieds* of Léon Cladel, which I think M. Zola may have had in mind in another sketch in his new novel, the relations between Adolphe and Louis. The brief scenes in which Napoleon III. is introduced are temperate and picturesque, while some of the incidental passages—Colonel de Vincuil, for instance, wilfully shut up in a dark room at Sedan, and dying of chagrin, and the terrific imprisonment of the French in the peninsula of Iges—could hardly be more vivid or more brilliantly sustained. There can be no